

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,080

AUGUST 9, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR
FROM THE PICTURE BY ANTON VON WERNER

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

Topics of the Week

THE KAISER.—There is a marked contrast between the comments to which the present visit of the German Emperor to the Queen has given rise, and those which were occasioned by his visit a year ago. Then he was not exactly unpopular in England, but most English people were in doubt as to his ideas and character. It was suspected that he had a hankering after war, that he was rash and vainglorious, and that he had a despotic tendency which was out of keeping with some of the deepest characteristics of our age. Short as the interval has been, it has been long enough to enable him to change the current of public feeling with regard to the prospects of his reign. Now almost every one thinks well of the young Kaiser, and looks forward hopefully to the work he is likely to accomplish. This change he owes in great part to the sympathies he has manifested with regard to those of his subjects who belong to the working-classes. Somehow he has succeeded in convincing the world that he is thoroughly in earnest in his desire to grapple with "the Social problem;" and it is believed that a Sovereign who has progressive opinions on this subject cannot possibly wish to quarrel with neighbouring States, since war would inevitably, for an indefinite period, put an end to his aspirations for the improvement of the material conditions of the wage-earning population. He has produced a favourable impression, too, by the zeal with which he has laboured to establish good relations between Germany and England, and by the efforts he makes to live on friendly terms with Russia without injury to the Triple Alliance. There are also many signs that he exercises a good influence on the administrative system of his country by his personal energy and conscientiousness, and that he proposes to interfere as little as possible with the free expression of opinion among his subjects. All this has won for him the cordial good-will of Englishmen, and their judgment may be said to correspond to that which prevails in Europe generally.

THE ARGENTINE REVOLUTION.—We cannot altogether hold with the view that Señor Juárez-Celman was guilty of conduct unbecoming a President and a gentleman in doing his best to stick to his place as long as he is able. "J'y suis; j'y reste," is a maxim of precedent and authority. It is true that he pledged himself to resign; but it is not customary, in any part of the political world, to regard the breach of a pledge as otherwise than venial, if not actually meritorious; and it is not to be expected of a statesman that he should be more scrupulous than his age. With the art of revolution has developed the corresponding art of how to manage revolutions—an art in which, whether he succeeds or fails in the end, President Celman is proving himself no inapt pupil. The old method of procedure was that of the oak, whose frangibility is in proportion less to the violence of the attack than to the rigidity of its own resistance. Sovereigns and other statesmen who practised it mostly made acquaintance with the axe or the guillotine. The modern method is that of the reed in the same old apologue, which yields everything, and is left by the blast more upright than ever. We are not unfamiliar with the method even in these islands: before all our burning questions have grown cool, we may become more familiar with it still. But never was such reed-like policy as President Celman's. He expressed his willingness to grant whatever was asked—even his own resignation; he bent his head to the storm—to appear at the head of a new army. Nobody seems to have been satisfied; but he gained time for the storm to blow over, and for Buenos Ayres to realise that, after all, one President is practically much the same as another. He may have proved mistaken in his calculations; but, all the same, if revolutions had always been managed in this fashion, Republics would be rarer than they are.

THE INCREASE OF BETTING IN FRANCE.—The advantages of being made nice and clean and good by Act of Parliament do not seem to be properly appreciated by our neighbours across the Channel. Two years ago M. Goblet, acting in the spirit which actuates so many of our own fussy busybodies, got out his official jack-plane and proceeded to smooth away the bumps and roughnesses of plungers and men desirous of having a little interest in a race, by putting betting on a strictly moral platform. He therefore did away with the strident bookie, who bawls himself red in the face, and studies not the canons of high art in his dress; and in his place erected a pretty little machine known as the *pari mutuel*, which was to make all fraud impossible, and to protect the shopkeeper's till from the speculative errand-boy. Furthermore, to cast an even stronger odour of sanctity over the machine, a tax of two per cent. on the winnings was to be levied for the benefit of the poor, for charity covers a multitude of sins. Only two years have passed away, and now M. Albert Wolff is lifting up his voice and denouncing the *pari mutuel* as a social danger, which engenders even greater poverty than it relieves. The two per cent. for the poor is coming in at the rate of something over half a million francs a month, but the poor have not got any of it, for M. Constans—good, modest man—has suddenly discovered that

the task of dealing with several millions of francs is too much for him. In fact, the *pari mutuel* has enormously increased the facilities for betting in France, and has dragged into its net people who never thought of risking their money with a bookmaker. The result of M. Goblet's action is to add another to the long list of lamentable failures to make people good by Act of Parliament.

SWAZILAND.—The settlement of the difficulty about Swaziland can hardly be expected to arouse enthusiasm, but every one feels that so far as it goes it is a perfectly satisfactory arrangement. The Boers have often shown that they are capable of being extremely troublesome neighbours. It is well, therefore, for our own sake, that we should try to be on friendly terms with them, and the present Convention seems likely to bring about a good working understanding between them and ourselves. It is true that Dual Control often leads to unpleasant results, but in this instance both parties have so many reasons for acting considerately and moderately that we may hope the plan will give rise to no very serious complications. The rulers of each country will no doubt be careful to appoint the right sort of men as their representatives, and these in their turn, if they are worthy of the confidence reposed in them, will think rather about the welfare of the people of Swaziland than of their own claims and privileges. As for the cession to the Boers of the right to create a port, that cannot but have excellent consequences, since it will not only increase the material prosperity of the Transvaal, but tend to widen the ideas and sympathies of the inhabitants. By guaranteeing the security of the new port, we at once do the Boers a service and take away from them the temptation to appeal to some other Power for protection. In return for what has been granted to them, the Boers undertake to do nothing that might interfere injuriously with the operations of the British South Africa Company, and they will have very solid grounds for desiring to be true to the spirit as well as to the letter of this part of the compact. The Transvaal also promises to join the Customs Union Convention. Altogether, the Agreement is a thoroughly statesman-like piece of work, and ought to be of enduring advantage to the Boers, the South African colonies, and the Empire.

THE EAST-AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.—It is a notable coincidence that at the very hour when Sir James Fergusson was telling Sir Lewis Pelly, in the House of Commons, that the British Government would continue to do its best, in a general way, to suppress the horrible traffic in African slaves, the Sultan of Zanzibar was startling his subjects by a decree which, it may be most cordially trusted, will do more for the abolition of the trade, and, in course of time, of slavery itself, than has yet been even attempted. Of course, we mean if the decree is carried out to the letter; but that, under a British Protectorate, should be a foregone conclusion. Heligoland will be a cheap price indeed to pay for the privilege of having converted Zanzibar into the centre and citadel of the grandest of all crusades. Of course the crafty and desperate race of traders will, for a time, be rendered still more craftily adventurous by suppressive measures, as in the parallel cases of smuggling and blockade running. But they will require higher and higher prices for their human wares, and thus the slave-owners of Persia and Arabia will be less and less able to afford the cost of their domestic institution, until demand and supply will, according to the laws of all markets, languish, and become extinguished together. There is now not a spot on the East African coast which is not under the effectual control of a European Power—Britain, Germany, or Italy—pledged to the annihilation of the slave trade; and the extinction of slavery itself, when not renovated by importation, is only a question of time. In Zanzibar, though articles of domestic property are not to be confiscated or emancipated against their will—processes of always questionable humanity—slaves are entitled to purchase their freedom and to be released from ill-treatment, and will be non-transferable. Moreover, the death of a slave-owner without heirs will imply the manumission of his living chattels. Seyyid Khalifa and Colonel Euan-Smith have between them created an epoch in African history.

THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.—There are certain personages in England for whom the intelligent foreigner has an intense respect. The *Lor' Maire* is one of them, and M. Viri de H. Corpus is another. The latter gentleman, to whom, as a French newspaper remarked last autumn, even a post-captain on board his own ship must bow, had his authority nobly vindicated by the Lord Chancellor last Tuesday. By the irony of fate the Rev. J. Bell Cox, who went to prison to uphold an ecclesiastical principle, has been the means of this enforcement of the liberty of the subject. To the average Englishman the powers and limitations of a Writ of Habeas Corpus have been wrapped in a mystery only less in degree to that which befogged the French correspondent, and therefore the authoritative pronouncement of the Lord Chancellor is doubly welcome at a time when there seems a tendency to push the rights of the individual subject to the wall. It appears that if, upon a return to the Writ, there is no legal ground to justify the detention, immediate release from custody follows without appeal; but that, if the application results unfavourably, then recourse may be had to every

Judge or every Court in turn, and, if discharge be granted by any one of them, the legality of that discharge can never be called in question. In the present case the release was granted by the Queen's Bench, and afterwards reversed by the Court of Appeal. It follows, therefore, from the Lord Chancellor's judgment, in which a large majority of the Law Lords concurred, that the appeal from the decision of the Queen's Bench was illegal, and ought never to have been allowed. The fear of being dragged from Court to Court prevents many a man from obtaining justice, and few will be found to question the righteousness of a decision which makes release on a Writ of Habeas Corpus final and decisive.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY.—At the time of the last Russo-Turkish War it would have seemed impossible that Bulgaria and the Porte should ever be on really friendly terms. The Bulgarians had been embittered by the barbarous treatment they had received from some Turkish oppressors. On the other hand, they were under such obligations to Russia that they themselves felt that they would always owe her a debt of gratitude. Yet for a long time they have been steadily withdrawing themselves from Russian influence, and not less steadily cultivating good relations with the Turkish Government. For this result Russia has herself to blame. She has shown again and again that she cares not one straw about the real welfare of the Bulgarian people, and that her resolve is, if possible, to prevent them from obtaining permanent control over their own affairs. Bulgaria, therefore, has been compelled to look about for the means of protection; and not unnaturally she has turned for aid towards Constantinople. An alliance with the Bulgarians would suit Turkey very well, since in the last extremity their country would serve as an excellent buffer between what remains of the Ottoman Empire and the only foreign enemy it has much reason to fear. The Turks, although their system of government is terribly decrepit, are as good soldiers as they ever were, and would be able in time of war to return with interest any favour they might receive from their Bulgarian friends. That an approach has been made to the establishment of a genuine alliance is proved by the fact that the Porte has granted *berats* for the appointment of three Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia—a step which has created profound dissatisfaction in Servia. It is too early to assume that Bulgaria is on the path which will lead to enduring independence. Russia is one of the most wary as well as one of the most powerful of States, and will not readily abandon schemes she has deliberately formed. But we may at any rate say that M. Stambouloff is pursuing the wisest policy which the actual circumstances render possible, and that he and his countrymen thoroughly deserve the success for which they are working.

LITERARY "SWEATING."—The quarrel between Mr. Walter Besant and the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge is growing strictly personal, after the invariable manner of literary quarrels. Mr. Besant, it may be remembered by the few not belonging to the craft who take an interest in authors' rights and wrongs, attacked the "S.P.C.K." for paying its authors what the latter would take, rather than what was becoming on the part of a great association, not purely commercial, to offer. We do not know that the accusation was very formidable; if a man or woman is willing to write for what somebody else thinks too little, that is his or her own affair, and—save on Trade Union principles—nobody else's concern. Nobody who can command a better market is bound to write for the "S.P.C.K.," which may be left to find out for itself if it pays too little to get sufficiently good value. However, Mr. Edward Walford comes forward to join issue, not upon the economical question, but on the fact; and declares that the Society, according to his experience, is an exemplary paymaster—to Mr. Walford. That does not seem much of an argument; for it may be that Mr. Walford's work is regarded as of exceptional value, or it may be that, like many an author, he has been content to take too little from the merely mercantile "trade." Still, his honest, if not very convincing, championship does not merit Mr. Besant's scathing and scornful reply, charging Mr. Walford with chronic quarrelsomeness and indifference to the interests of others. The whole question is simple enough, and requires no display of temper. The plain truth is that there is an utter glut of marketable literary talent, with the inevitable result; and it is impossible to avoid serious misgivings that such a body, for example, as the Society of Authors may seriously increase that glut by making it possible for average men and women of letters to earn next to nothing instead of nothing at all. Markets are not things that bear much meddling.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—For some little time past a correspondence has been going on in the columns of a morning paper concerning the state of health of the animals in Regent's Park. The worst of a correspondence of this kind is that it always degenerates into extremes. One set of writers declare that they never have seen animals so badly kept anywhere in the whole course of their travels, while another set boldly answer for the wild beasts, and assert that they have all the comforts of a happy home. It is obviously absurd to compare a lion in captivity with a lion in the forests of Africa, and for the matter of that most visitors are quite content to view the King of Beasts through



LUKE FILDES, R.A.

"MRS. THOMAS AGNEW"

Royal Academy



G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

"WINTER IN BRABANT, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY"

New Gallery



W. W. OULESS, R.A.

"THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER"

Royal Academy



HENRY T. WELLS, R.A.

"MRS. THEWLIS JACKSON"

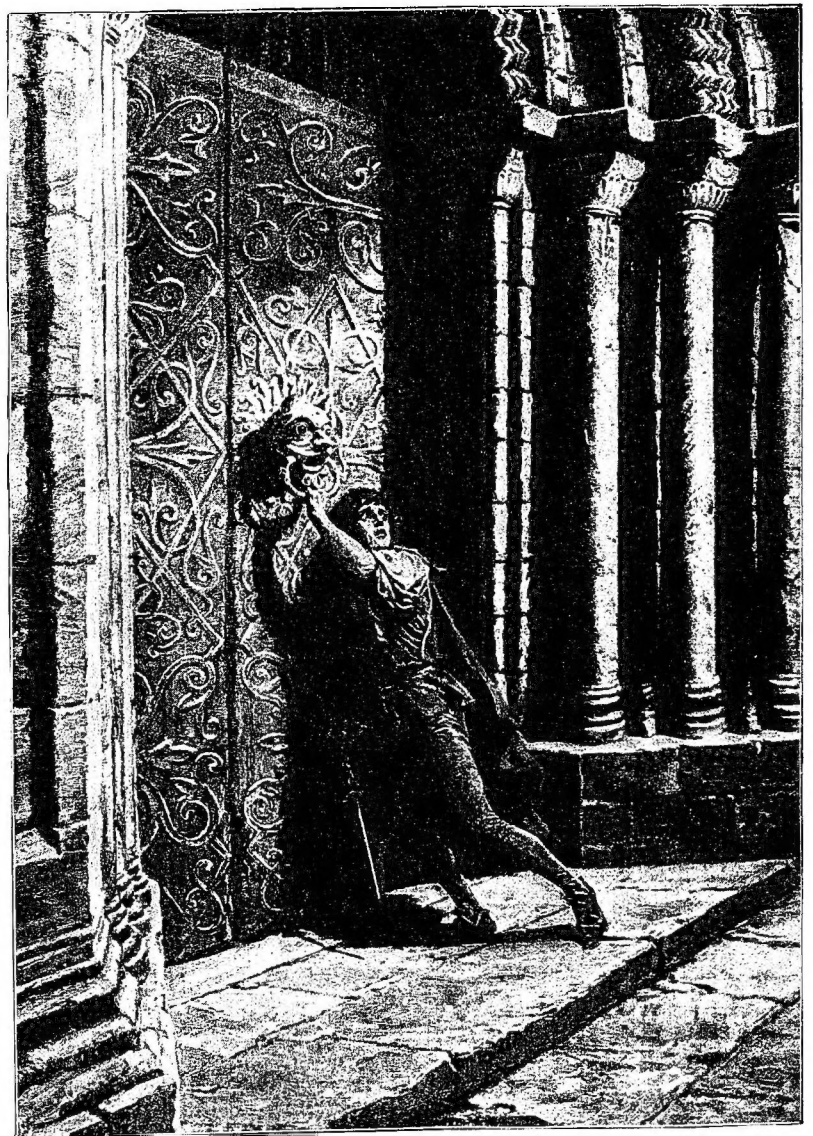
Royal Academy



J. T. NETTLESHIP

"THE ABYSS"

Royal Academy



RALPH HEDLEY

"SEEKING SANCTUARY"

Royal Academy

bars, and not to run up against him stalking the cats of St. John's Wood at nightfall in the streets. It is the fearful monotony of confinement, and not the want of proper care, that tells upon wild animals. In a state of nature the carnivora dine when they can, and devour their prey while yet warm, and it must give them a chronic indigestion to have chunks of flesh, which, perhaps, they do not care for, poked through bars at stated intervals of the day. If the Chinese were to capture a young athlete, and put him in a cage where he could only walk up and down or round and round for month after month and year after year, and were to feed him on what they might choose to consider English training diet, we should think them very unreasonable if, after a year or two of such treatment, they expected him to win the Diamonds or cut the three-mile record. The young athlete would certainly try to escape like the elephant last autumn, which broke loose and swallowed a large part of a grocer's stock-in-trade. No doubt that elephant's health is much improved, not by what it ate, but in consequence of its little diversion of a Bank Holiday all to itself. And so it would be with the animals at the Zoological Gardens.

LATIN FOR DOCTORS.—Should boys who are to become doctors be compelled to learn Latin? Last week this question was discussed with much force by the President of the British Medical Association, and now an important contribution to the controversy has been made by Professor Huxley, who, as all the world admits, has as good a right as any one to an opinion on the subject. If a boy destined for the medical profession has a decided aptitude for classical study, and has plenty of time for it, as well as for the study of science, there seems to be no good reason why he should not be allowed to learn both Latin and Greek. His accomplishments as a scholar will not interfere with his work as a doctor, and they will open for him many an enduring source of the finest kind of intellectual pleasure. But a large number of boys have not the slightest taste for what is called scholarship, and it certainly does seem rather absurd that if they are to be members of a scientific profession they should be obliged to give their days and nights for several years to the study of Latin. After all, they do not obtain any real acquaintance with the language; and there are other subjects which would not only interest them, but tend directly to fit them for their future duties. The medical course puts a severe strain upon the powers of students, and it is impossible that they can profit by it for some time unless they have had a previous scientific training. The conclusion appears obvious, that if young lads who are sent to the medical schools do not care for Latin, and do care for science, they should be permitted to devote a large part of their time to the tasks which they prefer. It does not follow, as Professor Huxley shows, that literary training must be neglected. It is important that doctors should be, in the widest sense, a thoroughly educated class; and this end may be secured by the intimate association of the study of science with the study of their native language and literature.

OXFORD FOR THE PEOPLE.—Is it a dream that the University of Oxford was once upon a time apostrophised by one of the most distinguished of her sons as the "home of lost causes and impossible beliefs;" that it was regarded as the type of all social, mental, and political Conservatism, and lauded or condemned accordingly? Or is it some nightmare, dreamed by the last remaining Don of the old school, that her Professors and Lecturers are sacrificing a portion of their long vacation in acting the part of guides to Oxford and its knowledge for the benefit of a thousand young men—and young women too—who come into a fortnight's residence from workshops, counters, and offices? Without being particularly sanguine concerning the value of a fortnight's holiday diversified by a few lively lectures, we cannot help seeing in these annual experiments quite as much a reaction in favour of the old ways as an advance upon lines that are new. It was the throwing open of scholarships that deprived Oxford of its really popular character, by confining its advantages, in the main, to those whose parents and guardians can afford a costly preliminary training; the University Extension movement, with its addition of a taste of residence, is a just, if necessarily clumsy, attempt to restore to a humbler and poorer class of students the benefits of which they were deprived by a sweeping measure of University reform. It is, of course, too late to go back, even partially, to the old system, if only for the reason that anybody who should endow a scholarship for the benefit of those who really wanted it, and were most in need of education, might be quite sure that it would speedily fall into the hands of some confiscatory commission. The only alternative is to do what is being done. Perhaps the time may come when there will be two Oxfords—a matriculated Oxford in Term, and an unmatriculated Oxford in Vacation, with regular and irregular Vice-Chancellors and proctors, and covenanted and uncovenanted scouts and bedmakers.

THE PUBLIC RECORDS.—We are given to priding ourselves, at least those of us who take an interest in the records of the past, that the gross neglect with which our archives were treated for many centuries has now for some time past given place to intelligent and reverent care. Not

that through the centuries qualms of conscience did not occasionally attack the powers that were. Queen Elizabeth issued an order that the Public Records should be better housed, but some one seems to have "smiling put the question by," for, in Charles II.'s reign, Prynne reported that the archives in the Tower were buried under putrefying cobwebs, dust, and filth in the dark corner of Cæsar's Chapel. It was hoped that all Vandalism with regard to these valuable papers had come to an end when the Record Office in Fetter Lane was built, and, no doubt, this is the case with respect to the documents of past generations. But it is rather a shock to be told in the Annual Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records that hundreds of tons of State papers are destroyed every year. In the nature of things a vast amount of rubbish must issue every year from the public offices, but the fact still remains that we of the present generation are not fit judges of what may be rubbish in the eyes of those who will come after us. No doubt from a utilitarian point of view the Close Rolls, the Pipe Rolls, and the other records of the years gone by are so much waste-parchment; but for all that they are of priceless value to those who would read English History aright, and would profit by the experience of the past. The humblest scrap of paper may unfold some secret to our descendants, and when the historian of the future comes to deal with this age of "gossippy" paragraphs, he will have more need than ever of original and authentic documents to guide him to a just conclusion. But if it be true that hundreds of tons of State papers, absolutely useless to ourselves and to future generations, can be burnt every year, there should be a wide field for economy and retrenchment somewhere in our public offices.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued AN EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VIII."



FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, and the SAVOY GALLERY, see page 157.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.—At 9.15 N. Comedy by James Albery, WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER. Preceded at 8 by the Comedietta, JILTED.

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FOR PARTICULARS OF SUMMER HOLIDAYS, YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND THE CRIMEA; and YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM, see page 160.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR—HIS MAJESTY SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY

It is well known that His Majesty the Emperor William is not easy to please in the matter of portraits, some of which he avers to be either failures or caricatures. But we are given to understand that the portrait by Herr Anton von Werner, which we here engrave, has given His Majesty entire satisfaction, and it certainly represents a man whose personal physique is worthy of two such ancestors as the venerable Emperor William and his son, the much-lamented Emperor Frederick.—The portrait is published by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 43, New Bond Street, W.

On another page our artist depicts what must always be a thrilling experience in any man's life, whether he be Emperor or peasant—that is to say, the landing of his first salmon. The Emperor's visit to Norway was somewhat marred by bad weather. Norwegian summers are wont to be rainy—at least in the coast district—and this year July was everywhere a dripping month. Nevertheless His Majesty enjoyed good sport in the fords, and, it is to be hoped, brought back with him a renewed stock of health and energy. It may be remarked that no foreign Sovereign has landed at Christiania—except Charles XII. of Sweden, who arrived there in 1716 as a would-be conqueror—since James VI. of Scotland came there for the purpose of marrying Anne of Denmark, and thus became the common ancestor of the Stuarts, of the Emperor William, and of Queen Victoria.

THE PARK PARADE AFTER CHURCH

BOTH Rotten Row and the drive which extends from Hyde Park Corner to Albert Gate, which, at certain times of the day on week days, are respectively crowded with riders and persons in carriages, are on Sundays comparatively deserted by horses and vehicles. Fashion pronounces it to be bad form to ride or drive on Sundays in the Park, and the laws of Fashion are usually more readily obeyed than the laws of Moses, though, in this particular instance, they happen to agree. Walking, however, is not prohibited, on the contrary, it is the correct thing to do, and for many years past it has been a pleasant custom for the denizens of the adjacent Belgravia streets to meet after morning church near the Achilles Statue, and exchange friendly greetings and salutations with one another. Of late years, too, a good many persons of position have formed the habit of strolling or sitting by the Row on Sundays.

BELGIAN NATIONAL FÊTES—THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION

THE celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium and the twenty-fifth of the accession of King Leopold II. to the Throne was signified by a series of brilliant fêtes, the most important of which was the historical procession, which took place on July 20th, and was witnessed by multitudes of people, who poured into the metropolis from all parts of the country. The Belgians are celebrated for the elaboration and completeness with which these processions are organised; and the pageant on this occasion formed in its successive groups a series of living pictures of the chief events of Belgian history during an eventful century. Among these may be mentioned the compromise of the Nobles in 1566 for obtaining the suppression of the Inquisition; the Gueux in costume, singing their patriotic songs; the Duke of Alva's Spanish Knights on horseback; Counts Egmont and Horn just before execution; the triumphal entry of Don Juan of Austria after the Battle of Lepanto; the Peace of Religion, proclaimed in 1578, by Archduke Mathias; the Tradesmen's Guilds; William the Silent, the hero of the Revolution; and, finally, the glorification of the Arts and Letters of the sixteenth century. The whole of the cortege was a splendid living illustration of that great period of which Motley is the historian.

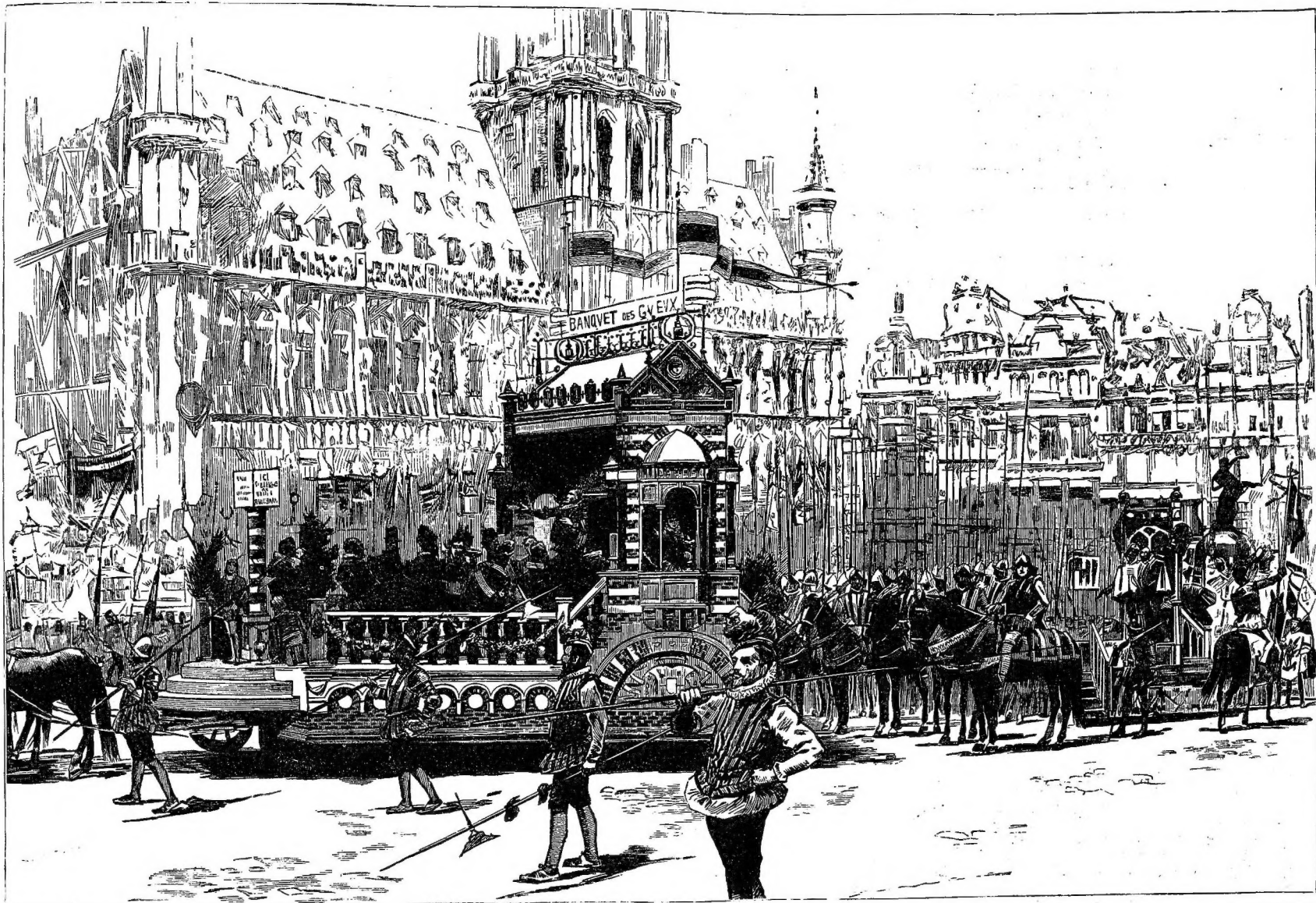
The procession of July 23rd was, perhaps, still more interesting, at all events to the working classes and to children of various growths; for on that memorable day there took place in Brussels a general meeting of the giants and other representatives of popular legends of all the towns of Belgium. There were large giants, small giants, ogre giants, and elastic giants. Some of them were tall enough to peer in at the second-floor windows. The people who walked underneath these monsters and bore them up executed their task admirably, the movements of each giant being in keeping with his character. Nor was the celebrated little Manneken of the Rue de l'Étoile forgotten. He rode in a chariot, and wore his rich Louis XV. costume, with the Cross of St. Louis which Louis XV. had conferred on him.—The fêtes concluded with a general illumination of the outer boulevards and an elaborate display of fireworks.

TORPEDO BOATS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

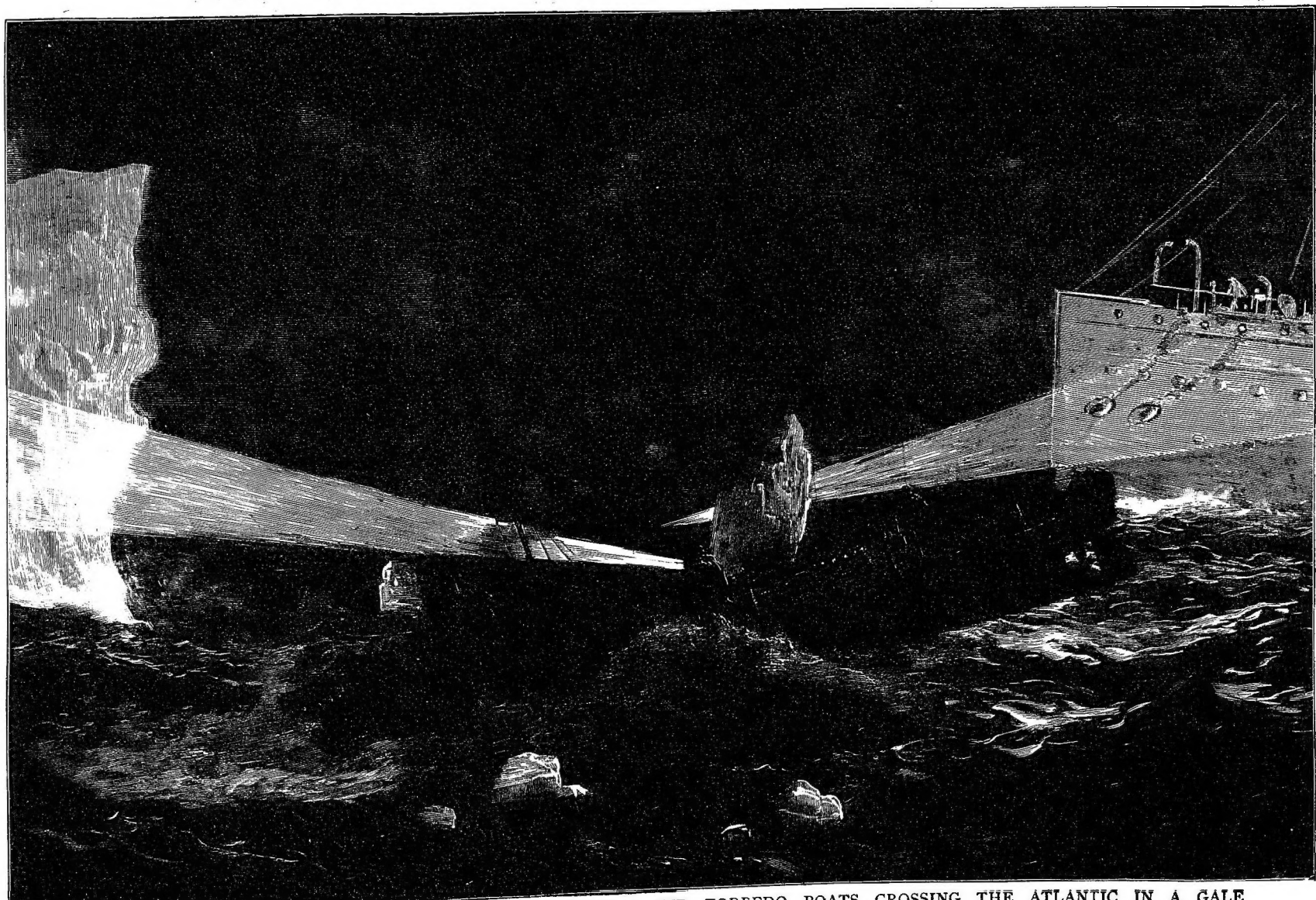
THIS engraving represents Torpedo Boats Nos. 61 and 62 crossing the Atlantic for the defence of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The boats are shown warning the steamer Tyne off an iceberg. Part of the way they steamed, and part of the way they were towed. When coming in over the Banks, they were sent ahead by the Tyne, and, seeing an iceberg right before them, succeeded in stopping her in



AFTER CHURCH—HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY MORNING



SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE—THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS



THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES QUESTION—H.M.S. "TYNE" AND TORPEDO BOATS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN A GALE
THE TORPEDO BOATS WARNING H.M.S. "TYNE" OFF AN ICEBERG ON A FOGGY NIGHT

time to prevent mischief. In a sea-way the plunging of the boats was tremendous. The most striking proof of this is, that all hands were thrown out of their bunks, the rifles and bayonets out of the racks, and the deck boat out of her cradle. One of the boats broke her hawser, and was lost from 8 P.M. till 5 P.M. next day. She was then found with sixty-five fathoms of wire hawser hanging from her bow, and making four feet of water per hour. These gunboats are 125 feet long, have a horse-power of 900, travel twenty knots an hour, and carry coals enough to steam five hundred miles.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. John W. Hayward, of Messrs. C. F. Bennett and Co., St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Hayward says:—"The diving of No. 62 in my sketch may seem excessive, but I am assured by the officers that it is not so."

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 145

"MASTER CREWE"

See page 147

MOUNTED INFANTRY REVIEW

WITH reference to this engraving we may recapitulate some information which we gave two years ago, when the necessity for having Mounted Infantry as an integral part of the Army was first thoroughly recognised. In the South African, Egyptian, and Burmese campaigns Mounted Infantry were employed to enable infantry soldiers to act with extreme rapidity and facility in the face of an active and ubiquitous enemy; and as, on every occasion, the greatest success had attended the system, the War Office decided that, in future, a Mounted Infantry Regiment should form part of the Cavalry Division of the First Army Corps. The regiment consists of eight strong companies and a detachment with two machine-guns. Each company is complete in itself, like a battery of artillery, and is subdivided into four small divisions. The men of the regiment were trained at Aldershot, and, being picked infantry soldiers, rapidly acquired a knowledge of riding and grooming. The regiment consists of forty-five officers and over a thousand men. The dress of the men is that of their respective regiments, with Bedford cord breeches. The ammunition is carried in a bandolier over the shoulder, and the rifle in a bucket attached to the cantle of the saddle on the off side. The regiment was trained by Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Hutton, D.A.A.G., of the King's Royal Rifles, who commanded the whole of the Mounted Infantry in the Nile Expedition.

"PASSING OUT" SHIPS, CHANNEL SQUADRON

THE masted ship, square-rigged and majestic, with sails, and guns worked by hand, will henceforward be no more known in the Channel Squadron. The *Northumberland*, *Monarch*, and *Iron Duke* (the latter, perhaps, of most value to the artist, although the other two are more handsome to the nautical eye) will now be replaced by vessels of the "Admiral" class of corvettes, with cruisers to match. Our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. C. W. Cole, H.M.S. *Anson*, represents these fine old ships, as they appeared in proverbial Bay of Biscay weather, on their way home to be paid off. They are represented in a long Atlantic swell, with a little broken water added, off Portugal, steering North, the *Iron Duke* rising and plunging slowly and majestically. Let us hope that these ships may still do good service under other conditions than the present.

MISSIONS IN EAST AFRICA—MRS. SHAW'S SEWING-CLASS

RABAI is fifteen miles inland from Frere Town, the colony for freed slaves set up by the Church Missionary Society. At this latter there are over 800 men, women, and children under the care and instruction of Church Missionary Society agents. The town of Mombasa contains a population of about 25,000, and stands on an island of the same name. There is a ruined fort there, built by the Portuguese. We regret to learn that Mrs. A. Downes Shaw, a niece of the late Frances Ridley Havergal, died at Mauritius last April. Previous to this, her husband, the Rev. A. D. Shaw, had written the following lively description of our engraving:—"The picture shows Mrs. Shaw and her sewing-class at work. These girls are all the children of our villagers, except the big girl in the centre, who is my wife's maid and helper. When we went to Rabai we found it was the custom for the women to do all the hard work, and for the men to stay at home and stitch. This, of course, did not exactly suit my wife's idea, so she promised to teach the women to sew. But, alas! the erratic African fair ones were too much for her, for they either came in such force as to be unmanageable (more than 200 being present once) or they came not at all. So, after trying for months to get them into order, she hit on the bright plan of dividing her energies; so now she gives two afternoons a week to the bigger school-girls. These have proved most apt pupils. They have made a large patchwork quilt, sewn bags, and helped to make coats for their brothers."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—VIII.

THREE noticeable portraits first claim our attention. The *Times* observes that "Mr. Fildes has surpassed himself this year as a painter of ladies' portraits. The three specimens exhibited at the Royal Academy" (of which this of Mrs. Thomas Agnew is one), "undoubtedly place him at the head of English portrait painters for this class of subject at the present moment." Both Mr. Oulless and Mr. Wells had already established their reputation at a time when Mr. Fildes was comparatively unknown, and their respective portraits of the Bishop of Chichester and of Mrs. Thewlis Jackson will assuredly not detract from their fame.—Mr. G. H. Boughton has made his chief mark this year by his important picture of early days in New England, when the infant settlement was threatened by Indians on the one hand and famine on the other; nevertheless, the connoisseur will highly appreciate this dainty painting of a Flemish lady tripping along in her seventeenth-century winter dress.—Mr. J. T. Nettleship is a diligent student of the manners and customs of the larger carnivora, and in "The Abyss" he portrays a most exciting incident. Is the lion on the antelope's back taking his last ride, or will his cat-like agility serve him in good stead when the bottom is reached?—"Seeking Sanctuary," by Ralph Hedley, is a powerful rendering of an occurrence which was frequent in the good old mediæval days. Here again the spectator's interest is aroused by the doubt whether the hunted man will have time to gain admission before his foes dash upon him at the very portal.

TRANSATLANTIC FASHIONABLE SOCIETY is in a perfect flutter at the prospect of Prince George of Wales visiting Newport, the most aristocratic American watering-place. Dinners and balls in the Prince's honour are being planned by the New York Society-leaders staying at Newport; most elaborate decorations are ordered from New York, regardless of expense; and the whole resort will be in holiday attire. The great feature of the festivities will be a "select" cotillon and ball, where only 250 of the cream of New York society are to be admitted by heavy subscription, and the organiser of the entertainment is well-nigh driven mad through the jealousies and heartburnings over the affair.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Chamberlain has been reviewing the Parliamentary Session in one of his clever and pointed speeches, delivered at an entertainment given by him to the members of the Liberal Unionist Council of West Birmingham. After pointing out how much good and useful, though not showy, work had been done, he touched on what was left undone. As regarded the licensing measure, of which he himself approved, the mistake committed by the Government lay simply in not foreseeing that, in assailing it, the fanatical members of the temperance party would be reinforced by the Parnellites, one-half of whom are opposed to anything in the nature even of moderate temperance reform, and by the Gladstonians, the great majority of whom are pledged up to the eyes to give compensation if ever they should find it necessary to reduce the number of public houses. The legislative short-comings of the Session were mainly due to the obstruction which is bringing Parliament into contempt, and destroying the authority of Parliament and of the people who can only speak through Parliament. If progressive measures are to be passed into law, those who wish for them must support any party which endeavours to recover for the majority in Parliament the just and right control of its own business. The Government were unflinching in their determination to put their whole Irish policy before the nation previously to a general election. The Land Purchase Bill, he believed, and the Local Government Bill, he hoped, would be passed next Session; and he was fully confident that the next general election would repeat the verdict given at the last.—Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, speaking at a Primrose League Demonstration near Crewkerne, Somerset, said with reference to obstruction in the House of Commons, that now the Parnellites had had their fling, the Scotch Radicals, assisted by Messrs. Storey and Conybeare, had taken up the rôle of wholesale obstruction. Dilatory, provoking, and often offensive as the Parnellites were, he preferred them to the Scotch Radicals.

MISS LYDIA ERNESTINE BECKER, who died from diphtheria at Geneva on July 18th, was well known as an enthusiastic advocate of women's suffrage, and the promoter of various movements for relieving the disabilities of her sex. She was the author of "Botany for Novices," and other works, and had attained a high degree of literary and scientific accomplishment. Though for twenty-five years past identified with public movements, and a



leading member of the Manchester School Board from its beginning, she had always discharged the duties of private and domestic life in a most exemplary manner. When she emerged from retirement, and distinguished herself as a platform speaker, her success was surprising only to those who had no previous acquaintance with her. Miss Becker was the eldest daughter of Mr. H. L. Becker, a gentleman of German descent, who was settled in business at Manchester.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall and Co., 164, New Bond Street.

JEANNE VICTOIRE SNOOKE, ten years of age, the daughter of Mr. C. Snooke, of Oyster Street, Portsmouth, was, on April 26th,



1890, with her brother, James Snooke, aged four years, on the landing-stage of the old sally-port at Portsmouth, a place which is a favourite resort of children. Suddenly, Jeanne Snooke was startled

by the fact that her little brother had fallen into the water, which was then twelve feet deep; without a moment's thought about self, she sprang into the sea to the rescue. The struggle was great, and both of the little ones sank and rose to the surface continually, but the brave elder child never quitted her hold of her brother; the tide was running strong, and carried them away from the stage, and both must have been drowned had not Mr. H. Craven, of the Chamberlain's Office, Portsmouth, who was coming out of the harbour in a boat, gone to their rescue, and got the half-drowned, struggling children out of the water. For this act of bravery, Miss Snooke was, on the 20th May following, awarded the Honorary First Class Certificate of the Royal Humane Society.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Symonds and Co., 39, High Street, Portsmouth.

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE has been appointed Vice-Admiral of Suffolk; and Mr. Macnaghten, Chairman of the Southampton Dock Company, has been knighted.

SIR ROBERT RAWLINSON, the late Chief Engineer to the Local Government Board, gave evidence, on Tuesday, before the Committee of the City Corporation appointed to inquire into the water-supply of the Metropolis. He thought it possible vastly to improve that supply by taking water from the area of the Thames basin without going into the open river at all. As things were, he would not allow house-boats on the Thames. Nothing of the kind would be tolerated on the great artificial lakes of Liverpool and other industrial towns. He was decidedly of opinion that if the water-supply of the Metropolis was in the hands of a municipal body Londoners would have a better supply at a cheaper rate.

SIR ANDREW CLARK, President of the College of Physicians, was examined at the last sitting of the Peers' Committee of Inquiry into the Management of the Metropolitan Hospitals. He considered that the shutting up of the out-patient department of a general hospital would be the greatest calamity that could happen to the public, and most disastrous to the art of medicine, giving several professional reasons for this opinion. During his experience of fourteen years the out-patient department was abused as little as it was conceivable for such an institution to be abused. The abuses were as nothing compared with the enormous advantages which the out-patient department conferred on the patients and on the public at large. The Committee will not meet again until November.—Professor Huxley, in a letter to the *Times*, emphatically expresses approval of the condemnation passed last week by the President of the British Medical Association at Birmingham upon the practice of compelling nascent medical students to devote to forming "a sham acquaintance with Latin" time which might be much more usefully employed in the acquisition of preliminary scientific knowledge. The Professor speaks contemptuously of such an acquaintance with Latin as enables a medical man "to turn Celsus into English or to concoct a prescription in a jargon which would have made a Pompeian apothecary explode," with laughter, presumably.

MISCELLANEOUS.—100,000 persons, it is computed, visited Kew Gardens on Bank Holiday, and not a single case of disorder was reported to the police.—50,000 inhabitants signed the petitions presented on Tuesday to the Secretary of State praying for a favourable consideration of the case of the six Grenadier Guards imprisoned for breach of discipline.—At a conference in Oxford on Tuesday of the friends of University Extension, a resolution in favour of conditional State aid to the movement was carried by a large majority.—The Official Report to the Home Secretary on the Llanerch colliery explosion of February last, in which 176 lives were lost, strongly recommends a distinct prohibition of naked lights in any mine where within twelve months the presence of inflammable gas has been reported.—The Fifty-Sixth High Court Meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters has been in session this week at Hull. The Chairman, in his opening address, spoke strongly against the Bill for regulating the insurance of children. They had 1,300 juvenile societies, and not a single case of infanticide had been traced to any parent connected with them. The measure was also emphatically protested against by the Chairman at the Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting, this week, at Darlington, of the Council of the British United Order of Oddfellows.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-second year, of Colonel Francis M. Beresford, M.P. for Southwark from 1870 to 1880; in his seventy-fourth year, of Sir William C. Hoffmeister, M.D.; in his sixty-sixth year, of Major-General George, Delane, who served throughout the Punjab campaign of 1848-9; in his fifty-fifth year, of Major-General William Harris-Burland; and of Mr. Charles Roach Smith, the well-known antiquary, author of "Illustrations of Roman London," among many contributions to archaeological literature.

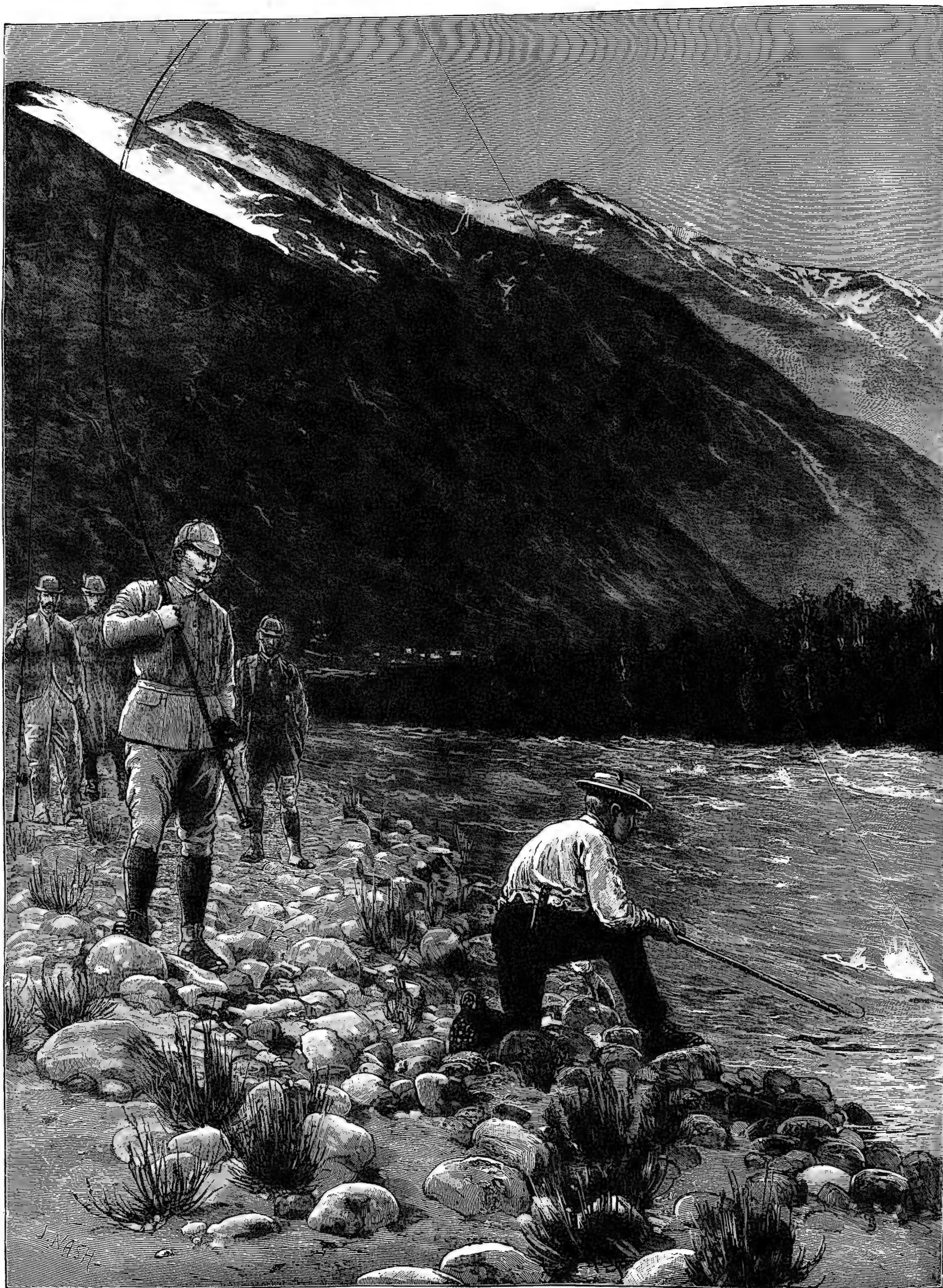


THE LEGALITY OF THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE REV. J. BELL COX, though not of the proceedings on his part which led to it, was the subject of an important decision given on Tuesday by the House of Lords as ultimate Court of Appeal. He had, it will be remembered, disobeyed an order to cease certain Ritualistic practices, and under a writ issued to punish him for his contumacy he was arrested and imprisoned. But the order relating to his clerical procedure expired before the issue of the writ, and it was therefore contended on his behalf that he could not be pronounced in contempt. On this ground the Queen's Bench Division made the rule for a *habeas corpus* absolute, and he was discharged from custody. The Court of Appeal reversed this decision, and the House of Lords have decided that the Court of Appeal was not competent to take such a step. In delivering judgment the Lord Chancellor spoke of the question to be decided as one most important and serious. The uniform practice had been that if, on the return to a writ of *habeas corpus*, it was adjudged that no legal ground was made to appear to justify the detention, the consequence was an immediate release from detention, and no appeal could be allowed; otherwise the right of personal liberty would be subjected to the delay and uncertainty of ordinary litigation. Lords Watson, Bramwell, Herschell, and Macnaghten concurred in the judgment of the Lord Chancellor; Lords Morris and Field dissented.

PARK ROAD, NEW CROSS, has been the scene of a tragedy as mysterious as it is painful. No. 14 was the temporary residence of Mrs. Townsend, a married lady of thirty-three, while her husband, Dr. Townsend, a well-known local medical practitioner, though seeing her constantly, and on the best of terms with her, remained at their previous domicile, 168, Lewisham High Road, where, being on the point of leaving England with his wife and three young children, he was introducing to patients another medical man, a Dr. Ezard, to whom he had disposed of his business. One of his and his wife's most intimate friends was a Mr. De la Motte, a young medical man of twenty-eight, who, residing in New Cross Road, frequently visited them. The Townsends were to sail on Saturday last week for New York, and the husband, having on the previous day seen his wife at three in the afternoon, went to fulfil some farewell engagements. During his short absence the tragedy occurred. About eight in the evening Mrs. Townsend was

A decorative header featuring the word "PARLIAMENT" in a stylized, calligraphic font, enclosed within a rectangular frame. To the left of the frame is a profile portrait of Athena wearing a helmet, and to the right is a profile portrait of Pericles. Below the portraits are the labels "ATHENA" and "PERICLES" respectively. The entire header is framed by a decorative border.

THE TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS has met this week at Berlin with enormous success. Five thousand visitors were expected, but the arrivals so far exceeded expectation that the managing committee had not provided sufficient accommodation, and were obliged to appeal to many Berliners to house the additional guests. The sittings opened on Monday under the Presidency of Professor Virchow, when Sir Joseph Lister and Dr. Koch—the discoverer of the cholera bacillus—gave the inaugural addresses, while besides the important business meetings the delegates have plenty of recreation in the shape of social receptions, dinners, balls, and excursions. There is a Medical Exhibition in connection with the Congress, including a splendid collection from the War Ministry and the Imperial Office of Health, while the Art Industry Museum makes an interesting display of objects of art connected in any way with medicine, such as the little bottles and boxes of the ancient Egyptians and busts and portraits of famous physicians. Further, an International Cremation Conference is being held simultaneously with the Congress.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO NORWAY—PLAYING HIS FIRST SALMON IN THE OLDEN RIVER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"I have come because of that bit of tomfoolery last night."

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLSWORTHY

THE night of storm was succeeded by a fresh and sparkling morning. The rain hung on every bush, twinkling in prismatic colours. There still rose smoke from the moor, but the wind had shifted, and it now carried the combined steam and smoke away to the east. The surface of Dartmoor was black, as though bruised all the east. The surface of Dartmoor was black, as though bruised all the east. The surface of Dartmoor was black, as though bruised all the east.

Luke Cleverdon, Curate of Mary Tavy, walked slowly up the hill from the bridge over the brawling River Tavy towards Willsworthy. He was a tall, spare young man, with large soft brown eyes, and a pale face. His life had not been particularly happy. His parents had died when he was young, and old Cleverdon, of Hall, had taken charge of the boy in a grumblingly, ungracious fashion, resenting the conduct of his brother in dying, and encumbering him with the care of a delicate child. Luke was older than young Anthony, and possibly for a while old Anthony may have thought that, in the event of his wife giving him no son, Hall and his accumulations would devolve on this frail, white-faced, and timid lad. The boy proved to be fond of books, and wholly unsuited for farm life. Consequently he was sent to school, and then to College, and had been ordained by the Bishop of Exeter to the Curacy of Tavy St. Peter, or Petery-Tavy, as it was usually called. His uncle had never shown him affection, his young cousin, Anthony, had been in every thing and every way preferred before him, and had been suffered to put him aside and tyrannise over him at his will. Only in Bessie had he found a friend, though hardly an associate, for Bessie's interests were other than those of the studious, thoughtful boy. She was a true Martha, caring for all that pertained to the good conduct of the house, and Luke had the dreamy idealism of Mary. The boy had suffered from contraction of the chest, but had grown out of his extreme delicacy in the fresh air of the country, and living on the abundant and wholesome food provided in a farm. His great passion was for the past. He had so little to charm him in the present, and no pursuit unfolding before him in the future, that he had been thrown as a lad to live in the past, to make the episodes of history his hunting fields. Fortunately for him, Dartmoor was strewn with prehistoric antiquities; upright stones ranged in avenues, in some instances extending for miles, with mysterious circles of unhewn blocks, and with cairns and kistvaens, or stone coffins constructed of rude slabs of granite.

Among these he wandered, imagining strange things, peopling the solitude, and dreaming of the Druids who, he supposed, had solemnised their ritual in these rude temples.

Old Cleverdon was angered with the pursuits of his nephew. He utterly despised any pursuit which did not lead to money, and archæology was one which might, and often did, prove expensive, but was not remunerative from a pecuniary point of view. As soon as ever Luke was ordained and established in a curacy, the old man considered that his obligation towards him had ceased, and he left the poor young man to sustain himself on the miserable salary that was paid him by his non-resident Rector. But Luke's requirements were small, and his only grief at the smallness of his stipend was that it obliged him to forego the purchase of books.

He was on his way to Willsworthy, four miles from the parish church, at the extreme end of the parish, to pay a pastoral visit to Mistress Malvine, who was an invalid. Before reaching the house he came to a ruined chapel, that had not been used since the Reformation, and there he suddenly lighted upon Urith.

His pale face flushed slightly. She was seated on a mass of fallen wall, with her hands in her lap, occupied with her thoughts. To her surprise, on her return late on the preceding night, before the breaking of the storm, her mother had not followed her accustomed practice of covering her with reproaches; and this had somewhat disconcerted Urith. Mrs. Malvine was a woman of not much intelligence, very self-centred, and occupied with her ailments. She had a knack of finding fault with every one, of seeing the demerits of all with whom she had to do; and she was not slow in expressing what she thought. Nor had she the tact to say what she thought and felt, and have done with it; she went on nagging, aggravating, exaggerating, and raking up petty wrongs or errors of judgment into mountains of misdemeanour, so that when at one moment she reproved such as had acted wrongly, she invariably in the next reversed positions, for she rebuked with such extravagance, and enlarged on the fault with such exaggeration as to move the innate sense of proportion and equity in the soul of the condemned, and to rouse the consciousness of injustice in the accused.

Such a scene had taken place the previous day, when her mother, aided by the blundering Uncle Solomon, had driven Urith into one of her fits of passion, in which she had run away. When Mistress Malvine discovered what she had done—that she had actually pressed her child beyond endurance, and that the girl had run to the wilderness, where she could no more be traced, when the day and evening passed without her return, the sick woman became seriously alarmed, and faintly conscious that she had trans-

gressed due bounds in the reprimand administered to Urith for rejecting the suit of Anthony Crymes. Consequently, when finally the girl did reappear, her mother controlled herself, and contented herself with inquiring where she had been.

Luke Cleverdon knew Urith better than did his cousins; in his rambles on the moor, as a boy, he had often come this way, and had frequently had Urith as his companion. The friendship begun in childhood continued between them now that he was curate in charge of souls, and she was growing into full bloom of girlhood.

He now halted, leaning both his hands on his stick, and spoke to her, and asked after her mother.

Urith rose to accompany him to the house. "She is worse; I fear I have caused her trouble and distress of mind. I ran away from home yesterday, and might have been lost on the moor, had not"—she hesitated, her cheek assumed a darker tinge, and she said—"had not I fortunately been guided aright to reach home."

"That is well," said Luke. "We are all liable thus to stray, and well for us when we find a sure guide, and follow him."

For a young man he was gaunt. He was dressed in scrupulously correct clerical costume, a cassock and knee-breeches, white bands, and a three-cornered hat.

Urith spoke about the fire on the moor, the bewilderment caused by the smoke, and then of the storm during the night. He stood listening to her and looking at her; it seemed to him that he had not before properly appreciated her beauty. He had wondered at her strange temper—now frank, then sullen and reserved; he did not know the reason why this was now for the first time revealed to him—it was because in the night a change had taken place in the girl, for the first time she had felt the breath of that spirit of love which like magic wakes up the sleeping charms of soul and face, gives them expression and significance. Not, however, now for the first time did the thought cross his mind that, of all women in the world, she was the only one he could and did love. He had long loved her, loved her deeply, but hopelessly, and had fought many a hard battle with himself to conquer a passion which his judgment told him must be subdued. He knew the girl—wild, sullen, undisciplined—the last to mould into the proper mate for a village pastor. Moreover, what was he but a poor curate, without interest with patrons, without means of his own, likely, as far as he could judge, to live and die a curate? He knew not only that Urith was not calculated to make a pastor's wife, but he knew also that hers was not a character that could consort with his. He was studious, meek, yet firm in his principles; she was hardly tame, of ungovernable temper, and a creature of impulse. No, they could not be

happy together even were circumstances to allow of his marrying. He had said all this to himself a thousand times, yet he could not conquer his passion. He held it in control, and Urith, least of all, had a notion of its existence. She exercised on him that magic that is exercised on one character by another the reverse at every point. The calm, self-ruled, in-wrapped nature of Luke looked out at the turbulence or the moroseness of the wild girl with admiration mingled with fear. It exercised over him an inexplicable but overpowering spell. He knew she was not for him, and yet that she should ever belong to another was a thought that he could not bear to entertain. He walked at her side to the house listening to her, but hardly knowing what she said. The glamour of her presence was on him, and he walked as in a cloud of light, that dazzled his eyes and confused his mind.

Willworthy was a very small and quaint old manor house—so small that a modern farmer would despise it. It consisted of a hall and a couple of sitting-rooms and kitchen on the ground floor, with a projecting porch, with pavise over it. The windows looked into the little court that was entered through old granite gates, capped with balls, and was backed by a cluster of bold sycamores and beech, in which was a large rookery.

Mrs. Malvine was in the hall. She had been brought down. She was unable to walk, and she sat in her armchair by the hearth. The narrow mullioned lights did not afford much prospect, and what they did reveal was only the courtyard and stables that fronted the entrance to the house. To the back of the house was, indeed, a walled garden; but it was void of flowers, and suffered from the neglect which allowed everything about Willworthy to sink into disrepair and barrenness. It grew a few potherbs, half-choked by weeds. There was no gardener kept; but a labourer, when he could be spared off the farm, did something in a desultory fashion to the garden—always too late to be of use to it.

"Peace be to this house!" said Luke, and passed in at the door. He found that, for all his good wish, nothing at the moment was farther removed from Willworthy than peace. Solomon Gibbs had slept long and heavily after his carouse, and had but just come down the stairs, and had just acted the inconsiderate part of telling his sister of the outrage committed by Anthony Cleverdon on her husband's grave. The poor widow was in an hysterical condition of effervescent wrath and lamentation.

The story was repeated, when Luke and Urith appeared, in a broken, incoherent fashion—the widow telling what she knew, with additions of her own, Solomon throwing in corrections.

Urith turned chill in all her veins. Her heart stood still, and she stood looking at her uncle with stony eyes. Anthony Cleverdon, who had behaved to her with such kindness—Anthony, who had held her in his arms, had carried her through the fire, who had looked into her face with such warmth in his eyes—he thus insult her father's name and her family! It was impossible, incredible.

Luke paced the little hall with his arms folded, behind his back. He had heard nothing of this at Peter Tavy when he left it. He hoped there was some mistake—some exaggeration. What could have been Anthony's object? Mr. Solomon Gibbs's account was certainly sufficiently involved and obscure to allow of the suspicion that there was exaggeration, for Mr. Solomon's recollection of the events was clouded by the punch imbibed overnight. But the fact that the headpiece of the grave had been brought to the tavern by his cousin could not be got over. Luke's heart was filled with commiseration for the distress of the widow, and pain for Urith, and with bitterness against Anthony. He had nothing but platitudes to say—nothing that could pacify the excited woman, who went from one convulsion into another.

Suddenly the door was thrust open, and in, without a knock, without permission, came Anthony himself—the first time he had crossed that threshold.

Urith's arms fell to her side, and her fists became clenched. How dare he appear before them, after having committed such an offence? Mistress Malvine held up her hands before her face to hide the sight of him from her eyes.

"I have come," said Anthony. "I have come because of that bit of tomfoolery last night."

Luke saw that his cousin was approaching the widow, and he stepped between them. "For shame of you, Tony!" he said, in quivering voice. "You ought never to show your face after what has been done—at all events here."

"Get aside," answered Anthony roughly, and thrust him out of the way.

"Madame Malvine," said he, planting himself before the hysterical widow, "listen to me. I am very sorry and ashamed for what I did. It was in utter ignorance. I was dared to go to the churchyard last night when the ghosts walk, and Fox said no one would believe me that I had been there unless I brought back some token. We had all been drinking. The night was pitch-dark. I got up the avenue under the trees, and pulled up the stake nearest to the church porch I could feel. Whose it was, as Heaven is my witness I did not know. I was wrong in doing it; but I was dared to do something of the kind."

"You must have known that my brother-in-law lay on the right-hand side of the porch," said Solomon Gibbs.

"How should I know?" retorted Anthony. "I am not sexton, to tell where every one lies. And on such a pitch-black night too, I could find my way only by feeling."

"Your offence," said Luke, sternly, "is not against this family only, but against God. You have been guilty of sacrilege."

"I will ask you not to interfere," answered Anthony. "With God I will settle the matter in my own conscience. I am come here to beg forgiveness of Mistress Malvine and of Urith."

He turned sharply round to the latter, and spoke with a deep flush in his cheek, and with outstretched arm. "Urith! you will believe me! You will forgive me! With my best heart's blood I would wipe out the offence. I never, never dreamed of injuring and paining you. It was a misadventure, and my cursed folly in sitting drinking at the Hare and Hounds, and of allowing myself to be taunted to a mad act by Fox Crymes, who is my evil genius."

"It was Fox Crymes who urged you to it?" asked Urith, her rigidity ceasing, and the colour returning to her cheeks and lips.

"He goaded me to the act, but he had nothing to do with my bringing your father's headpiece to the tavern—that was the devil's own witchcraft."

"Mother," said Urith, "do you hear; it was Fox Crymes's doing. On him the blame falls."

"You believe me, Urith—I know you must! You know I would not injure you, offend you, grieve you in any way. You must know that, Urith—you do in your heart know it; assure your mother of that. Here, give me your hand in pledge that you believe—that you forgive me."

She gave it him at once.

"Now see, Mistress Malvine, Urith is my testimony—Good God! what is the matter?"

Mrs. Malvine had fallen back in her chair, and was speechless.

CHAPTER X.

LUKE CLEVERDON.

LUKE CLEVERDON left the house. He could no longer endure to remain in it. He saw the flash in Urith's eye as she put her hand in that of Anthony in answer to his appeal. He had seen sufficient to shake and wring his heart with inexpressible pain. He walked hastily down the hill, but stepped at the ruined chapel, and entered there. The old broken altar lay there, one of its supports fallen.

Luke seated himself on a block of granite, and rested his arm against the altar slab, and laid his head on his arm. That he had long loved Urith he knew but too well for his peace of mind, but never before had his passion for her so flamed up as at that moment when she took his cousin's hand. What had occurred on the previous day on the moor was repeated again; a smouldering fire had suddenly caught a great tuft of bush, almost a tree, of gorse, and had mounted in a pillar of flame.

Was Anthony in all things to be preferred to him? In the house at Hall, Luke had submitted without demur to be set aside on all occasions, for Anthony was the son, and Luke but the nephew, of the old man; Hall would one day be the inheritance of Anthony, and in Hall the son of old Anthony's brother had no portion. But now that he had left his uncle's house, now that he was independent, was Anthony still to stand in his way, to lay his hand on and claim the one flower that Luke loved, but which he dared not put forth his hand to pluck?

Timid and humble-minded as Luke was, he had never considered that he could win the affections of any girl, leastways of one such as Urith. But it was a delight to him to see her, to watch the unfolding of her mind, and character, and beauty, to know that she was a wild moor flower regarded by no one else but himself, sought by none, or, if sought, rejecting such seekers with disdain. He was so simple and single in his aims, that it would have well contented him to merely admire and humbly love Urith, never revealing the state of his heart, asking of her nothing but friendship and regard. But—when, all at once, he saw another stand beside her, take her hand, and seize on her heart with bold temerity, and by his boldness win it—that was too much for Luke to endure without infinite pain, and a battle with himself. If he had formed any ideal picture of the future, it was the harmless one of himself as the friend, the gentle, unassuming, unasserting friend of Urith, suffered by her, after some little resistance, to divert her headlong character, brighten the gloomy depths of her strange mind. He knew how greatly she needed an adviser and guide; and his highest ambition was so to help her that she might become a noble and generous woman. That he had not formed this hope out of pure pastoral zeal he knew, for he who taught others to search their own consciences, not lightly, and after the manner of dissemblers with God, had explored his own heart, and measured all its forces; but till this moment he had never realised that there was a selfishness and jealousy in his love, a selfishness which would have kept back Urith from knowing and loving any one, and a jealousy intense and bitter against the man who obtained that place in Urith's heart to which he himself laid no claim, but which he hoped would be for ever empty.

He tried to pray, but was unable to do more than move his lips and form words. Prayers did not appease the ardour, lessen the anguish within. As he looked up at the moor he saw now that it was still smoking. The storm of rain in the night had not quenched the fires, nor could the dews of Divine consolation put out that which blazed within his breast.

He had never envied Anthony till now. When he had been at school, he had been but scantily furnished with pocket-money. There had been many little things he would have liked to buy, but could not, having so small a sum at his disposal; on the other hand, Anthony could at all times command his father's purse, had spent money as he liked, had wasted it wantonly, but Luke had accepted the difference with which they had been treated without resentment; yet now that Anthony had stepped in between him and Urith, something very much like hatred formed like gall in his heart.

He tried to think that he was angry with his cousin for having given Mistress Malvine pain, with having been guilty of sacrilege, but he was too truthful in his dealings with himself to admit that these were the springs of the bitterness within.

Suddenly he looked up with a start, and saw Bessie before him, observing him with sympathetic distress. His pale forehead was covered with sweat-drops, and his long thin hands were trembling. They had been clasped, the one on the other, on the altar-stone, and Luke's brow had rested on them, his face downwards, thus he had not seen Bessie when she approached.

"What is it, Luke?" she said, in kindly tones, full of commiseration. "Are you ill, dear cousin?"

He looked at her somewhat vacantly for a moment, gathering his senses together. As in bodily pain, after a paroxysm, the mind remains distraught for a moment, and is unable to throw itself outward, so it is with mental pain to an even greater degree. As Bessie spoke, Luke seemed to be brought, or to bring himself, by an effort, out of a far-off world into that in which Bessie stood surrounded by the old chapel walls, hung with haristongue leaves, still green, untouched by winter frost.

"What are you suffering from?" she asked, and seated herself at his side.

"It is nothing, cousin," he answered, and shook his head to shake away the thoughts that had held him.

"It is indeed something," she said, gently; "I know it is; I see it in your white and streaming face." She took his hand in hers, "I know it from your cold hand. Luke, you have had no one but me to talk to of your troubles in boyhood, and I had none but you to tell of my little girlish vexations. Shall we be the same now, and confide in each other?"

O, false Bessie! knowing she was false, as she said this. The keen eye of her Aunt Magdalen had seen what Bessie supposed was hidden from every one, that she loved her cousin Luke. But to Luke would that secret assuredly never be entrusted. It was to be a one-sided confidence.

"Are you ill? Are you in bodily pain?" she asked.

He shook his head—not now to shake away thought, but as a negative reply. He passed his disengaged hand and sleeve over his brow, and was at once composed. "I am sorry you saw me like this, Bessie. I thought no one would come in here."

"I have come to see Urith, after last night. I promised her I would come some time, and I thought that I would ask if she were quite well, for the day was to her long and trying."

"Do not go on there now," said Luke gently, releasing his hand. "There has something happened. You have not heard, but it will be noised everywhere shortly, and the shock has been too much for Mistress Malvine; she has fallen into a fit."

"Then I had better go on, cousin; I may be of help to Urith."

"You have not heard—" Then he told her of what Anthony had done the preceding night. Bessie was greatly disturbed; the act was so profane, and so inconsiderate. The inconsiderateness might, indeed, partially excuse the act, but hardly redeem it from sacrilege, and was certain to arouse general and deep indignation; the inconsiderateness showed an unbalanced mind, wanting in ordinary regard for the feelings of others.

"And yet," said Elizabeth, "this is not what has made you so unhappy. You have not told me all."

Luke remained silent, looking before him. "Bessie," said he, "has it never been observed by you that Anthony had an affection for Urith?"

"Never," answered Elizabeth; "I do not see how there could have sprung up such a liking. They hardly ever can have spoken to each other before yesterday, though they may have met; as, for instance, seen each other in church. I never heard Anthony name her."

"He does not tell you what he has in his heart?"

"I did not believe that he had any particular regard for any one."

He has not been a person to seek the company of young maidens; he has affected utterly to scorn them, and has held himself aloof from their company."

"I think—I am sure that he likes her," said Luke slowly.

Then Bessie turned her face and looked at him steadily.

"Oh, Luke! Luke!" she exclaimed, and there was pain in her tone. "I have read your heart. Now I know all." And now that she had discovered his secret, Luke was glad to be able to pour out his heart into her sympathetic ear, to tell her how that he did love Urith, but also how that he had never dreamed of making her his wife.

"My wife!" said he, with a sad smile; "that is not a name I shall ever be able to give to any woman. It is not one that any woman would care for me to call her by."

Bessie listened as he talked, without a sign in her face of other emotion than pity for him. Not in the slightest did she raise a fold of the veil that concealed her heart, the rather did she wrap it round her the more closely.

After a while Luke rose relieved. He took Bessie's hand in his, and said, "Now dear cousin, you must make me a promise. When you have any trouble at heart, you will come and tell me." She pressed his hand and raised her eyes timidly to his, but made no other answer.

They walked together down the hill, and then, at the bridge, parted. When they parted, Bessie's eyes filled with tears.

But the heart of Luke was relieved, and he walked homewards encouraged to fight out the battle with himself, and overcome the jealousy with which he began to regard his cousin Anthony.

(To be continued)



II.

IF towards the end of July "the man in the street" had been asked to guess the topic that would be most popular in the magazine world for August, he would most certainly have replied—supposing him to be an intelligent man in an intelligent street—Heligoland. And he would have been right. The *English Illustrated Magazine* has a charming little paper on the island, by Walter Armstrong, illustrated by Hamilton Macallum, who has made Heligoland his painter's paradise for some years past. The best account of the manners and customs of our late dependency is to be found in *Blackwood*, for in it the island is not described merely from the tourist's point of view, but also from the standpoint of the natives. There is an interesting description of the ancient Frisian dances, of Heligoland in winter, and an account of the legends and folk lore of Heligoland and Sylt. Murray also has a short sketch of Heligoland in 1890, while the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* contents itself with a page notice of a drawing by a native artist of the landing-place at Heligoland. The most remarkable thing about the island is the absolute indifference England and English tourists have always displayed towards it, and the constancy with which the good burghers of Hamburg have visited it season after season.

Turning to other subjects, the articles best worth reading in the magazines are "Pierre Loti" in *Murray*, of which, however, more might have been made; "The Prehistoric Races of Italy;" and "Britain, Fin de Siècle" in the *Contemporary*; "Mr. Cecil Rhodes as Premier;" "The Loyalty of the Colonies;" and Charles I. as a Picture Collector" in the *Nineteenth Century*. This Review will have no need to think of changing its name in ten years time, judging from the fact that it has only just found time to review Alphonse Daudet's *Trente Ans de Paris*.—Mr. Swinburne contributes a furious poem on Russia to the *Fortnightly Review*, but, as a rule, poetry seems rather at a discount in the magazines.—"Armenia and the Armenian People" is also worth reading.—*Tinsley* has a short account of the London Rowing Club; and *Macmillan* a powerful article on "The Two Mr. Pitts," by Goldwin Smith.

The Service magazines keep up their standard well. The *United Service* continues its most useful discussion on "National Insurance," but it would be almost too Utopian to hope that some good might come of it. "The East in 1890" is a paper that should not be overlooked, and "The Command of the Army and the General Staff in France," though too short, is of great interest. In fact the whole number is a good one.—In the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, "The Gordon Boys' Home," "Among the Junks," and "French Torpedo Vessels in 1890" should be read.

Social and Labour Questions are nowadays always with us, and this month they have some two hundred pages all to themselves in *Subjects of the Day*. It is difficult to imagine that "Socialism and Labour" is written by the hand that wrote "Socialism and Land," with its one-sidedness and Procrustean method of treating history. Mr. G. J. Holyoake has a paper on "Co-Operation and Socialism," which contains much that is sensible. But such sentences as the following fill one with despair: "Why is the crowd of clerkship-seekers increasing? . . . Because they know that work does not pay." If this means anything, it means that clerks are well paid for doing very little, and such an assertion is arrant nonsense. Apparently, by "work" Mr. Holyoake means unskilled labour, for he must know that a skilled mechanic is better paid than the average clerk. At the same time there is a gleam of hope in the fact that Mr. Rogers admits that a physician works, and even grants that there are occasions in which his services may be deemed more useful than those of a bricklayer.—"Social Problems in the United States," in the same Review, by Mr. Gladden, should be read. In some respects, especially in experimental trials, the United States are ahead of ourselves, and as we are all people of much the same blood, we shall do well to profit by their experience.

The *Fortnightly* also has a paper on "Labour Disputes in America," and the *Contemporary* articles on "The Nihilisms and Socialisms of the World," and "The Organisation of Unskilled Labour," but evidences of originality of thought are not overpoweringly conspicuous.

The American Magazines have by no means got over the War, that putative father of the vast crop of colonels now luxuriating in the States, and the *Century Magazine* is in the thick of the reminiscences. However, no one will grumble at it, for both "The Emancipation of Joseph Peloubet" and "A Yankee in Andersonville" are well written and well illustrated.—However, in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, the third part of Dr. Maguire's "Study of the American War" seems to show that the North would have won very quickly had they had fewer politicians, and only one general worth his salt.—The instalments of "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" and of "A Provencal Pilgrimage" are also very good.—In *Scribner's* the article that all men will first glance at is, "How Stanley Wrote His Book," but the best paper is "The Paris of the Three Musketeers."—The *Atlantic Monthly* is rather dry, and contains nothing of very pressing interest, Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Chat Over the Teacup" being the most readable article in it.—*St. Nicholas* is always good, and can be turned to by grown-up people, as well as by children, with the certainty of finding something in it. This month has the fifth paper on "Base-ball," by Walter Camp, and deals with the Pitcher and Catcher chiefly.

The *Church Bells Portrait Gallery* for August contains woodcuts and short sketches of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, Viscount Halifax, the Rev. W. Allen Whitworth, and the late Rev. T. Helmore.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' "character portrait" of Master Crewe, as Leslie describes the picture at Crewe Hall, is a fine example of "sturdy boyhood standing among his spaniels, with thumbs stuck in his girdle and legs apart, as he had appeared in some childish masquing frolic, as bluff King Hal." It seems evident that when Sir Joshua successfully selected this method of treatment, the artist had Holbein in his eye. "None of his many admirable boy-pictures is so consummate, I think," writes Leslie, "taking colour, character, and condition together, as his Master Crewe. Not a tone of it has faded." Reynolds' inducements to paint his best on the occasion of obtaining sittings from his youthful friend were manifold. Mr. Crewe, a prominent figure in the world of fashion,

Master John Crewe, the subject of Sir Joshua's masterly art, ultimately entered the army, became a Major-General in 1808, and in 1829, on the death of his father, succeeded to the title as second Lord Crewe.

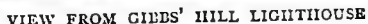
OWING to the Second Grenadier Guards having been recently sent to these islands, they have recently attracted some attention. They constitute a very important naval station, and are largely visited by Americans, being only three days from New York. The lily-fields, of which acres upon acres are cultivated for the American market, make a very pretty sight. The dark tints of the thick woods and the beautiful colour and delicacy of the lilies form a charming contrast. Bermuda has been a Crown colony for more than two hundred years. The population is about 16,500, nearly half of these being Europeans. The full length of the islands is about twenty-four miles. They are surrounded by coral reefs at a distance of from five to ten miles on the north side, and close to the shore on the south side.

There are but few entrances through the reefs, and the channels are both intricate and narrow. There is a large floating dock which is used by the North American Squadron and vessels of the West Indian Stations. Bermuda is by no means a disagreeable spot, and the climate is very pleasant.

And I blessed the gallant boy,
Who was but a tiny toy,
And I wished him every joy
And success,
When it came to be his turn
To destroy, and sink and burn,
But the orphan ne'er to spurn
In distress.

There are hundreds of stanzas of the same sort. In anticipation of being sung in this style, the Governments of New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand granted "Ralph" free passes over their railways. The author says in this connection:—"As the only mark of gratitude that I could tender for such a privilege, a copy of this humble volume will be supplied to the libraries of their respective Universities." "Ralph," we take it, is shrewder as a man than as a poet.

COURT MOURNING IN COREA is a serious expense to the whole nation. The Queen Dowager has lately died, so the Korean people must wear mourning for three years, the prescribed costume often costing the poorer classes a whole month's earnings. Public business will be suspended for some time, and a heavy tax levied to defray the expense of the funeral.



"True Blue and Mrs. Crewe" was the Prince of Wales's toast at the entertainment inaugurated by the Crewes to honour the successful return of Charles James Fox as member for Westminster in 1784. The lady also had sat to Reynolds as early as 1760, when she was Miss Greville, and the painter continued to delineate the lovely features of this delightful model at intervals throughout his career. First, at the age of sixteen, the lady was painted as Psyche, later as St. Geneviève, with her head pensively resting on her hand, her mind apparently engaged in the perusal of some saintly legend. She was painted with her friend Mrs. Bouverie, to whom, we are told, "she was united by a romantic attachment," and, with that beautiful companion, appeared at masquerades, at the Ladies' Club, at Almack's, and the "Blue Stocking Club." In the foundation of these dashing "female societies"—in emulation of the lords' doings at White's—Mrs. Crewe played a prominent part. "Amiable, pure, and good as she was beautiful, Mrs. Crewe was the fast friend of Reynolds, as of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan." She cheered the orator's declining years, and to this fair paragon and reigning toast the poets of the Whig party consecrated their muse in all modesty:

That wishes which never were bounded before
Are here bounded by Friendship, and ask for no more.

Ireland Island, which is at the north-west end of the group, is strongly fortified, and guards the approach to the principal town, Hamilton. Most of the islands are connected by bridges and causeways, and the mulattoes and negroes are thus able to cart their products to Hamilton for shipment. Regattas and sailing matches are constantly being held, and we hope that the Grenadier Guards may never regret their stay there.

We see that Mr. Hereward K. Cockin has obtained the honour of a fourth edition for his "Gentleman Dick of the Greys, and Other Poems" (C. Blackett-Robinson, Toronto). About many of these compositions there is a dash and swing which quite take the reader captive. The poem which gives its name to the volume is an instance in point, while there is a good deal of rough humour in "Jack Tartar." Some of the poems strike us as particularly well adapted for purposes of recitation.

A gentleman, whose *nom de plume* is "Ralph," has been round the world, journeying altogether some sixty-five thousand miles. He has thrown his observations of travel into rhymed verse, under the heading "The Girdle of the Globe; or, The Voyage of Mister Mucklewrath" (Author's Co-operative Publishing Company).

THE FIRST JAPANESE HOUSE OF LORDS has just been constituted. It consists of five classes of members—Princes of the Imperial family; princes not of the blood, and marquises; one-fifth of the orders of counts, viscounts, and barons, elected by their fellows; an equal number of members nominated by the Emperor; and one representative elected for each city and prefecture by the fifteen male inhabitants paying the highest amount of direct national taxes on land, industry, and trade. The members will hold their seats for seven years, but all must be approved by the Emperor.

THE NOTTINGHAM CASTLE MUSEUM.—In mentioning his recent munificent gifts of drawings to this Institution in our last issue, we inadvertently spoke of the donor as "the late" Mr. Felix Joseph. Mr. Joseph now writes as follows :—"You have somewhat prematurely styled me as 'late.' Many of my friends may be rather surprised to find me thus quoted, as I have always been considered rather an 'early man.' It is one of the special pleasures of my life to buy beautiful Art objects, and present them, whilst still above ground, to Museums in the Provinces. I have recently collected and given to the Corporation Museum at Derby, some two hundred and fifty beautiful specimens of those exquisite ceramics which were made in that town towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. There are about seventy examples of the renowned white biscuit china-groups, statuettes, and vases.



"MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII."
AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

the other caricatures.
 "was Davis," by Sir C. G. Duffy, K.C.M.G.
 Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited).
 ok deserves to be read, for it affords a
 example of the dry-rot that always attacks
 endeavour to make a nation out of jarring
 religions in Ireland. Thomas Davis, who
 elsh descent, was born in 1814, and educated
 College, Dublin. He was a Protestant,
 how got his head filled with anti-English
 In 1841 he was trusting that Thiers would
 on England, and that the Chartists would
 the machines in England. Wolfe Tone
 a hero of his. In the four or five years' in
 Davis was actively engaged in writing against
 we have the same familiar round of illu-
 sions, and bombast that we have had of late.
 half a century ago, in 1842, these enthusi-
 going to impose terms on England in two
 years, and, like another historical personage,
 still just going to begin. Poor Davis
 have had a sane and honest counsellor in
 Madlyn, who wrote to him in 1842 :
 of the Union, if carried, will destroy the
 England, and her power along with it, and
 her character throughout the globe for
 ability, and capacity for ruling. Give
 Parliament, and England will at once
 be a substantive Power." But such plain
 sense was not to the taste of Young Ireland.
 the inevitable squabbles with O'Connell and
 the priests broke out, and the question of
 nation set the whole pack of patriots by the
 ears. O'Connell, the son of Daniel, comes in
 some truths ; he is spoken of as a " feeble,
 big man," and his sympathisers are called
 " blackheads," for such are the amenities of
 patriots. In the same year Thomas Davis
 a very short illness, greatly regretted by all who knew him,
 died. He was of his theories, he always endeavoured to remember that
 he was a scholar and a gentleman, and, therefore, unable to share in
 the scramble going on around him. Had he confined himself
 to poetry and literature, without dabbling in the mud of Irish
 politics, he would have left a name which all men might respect

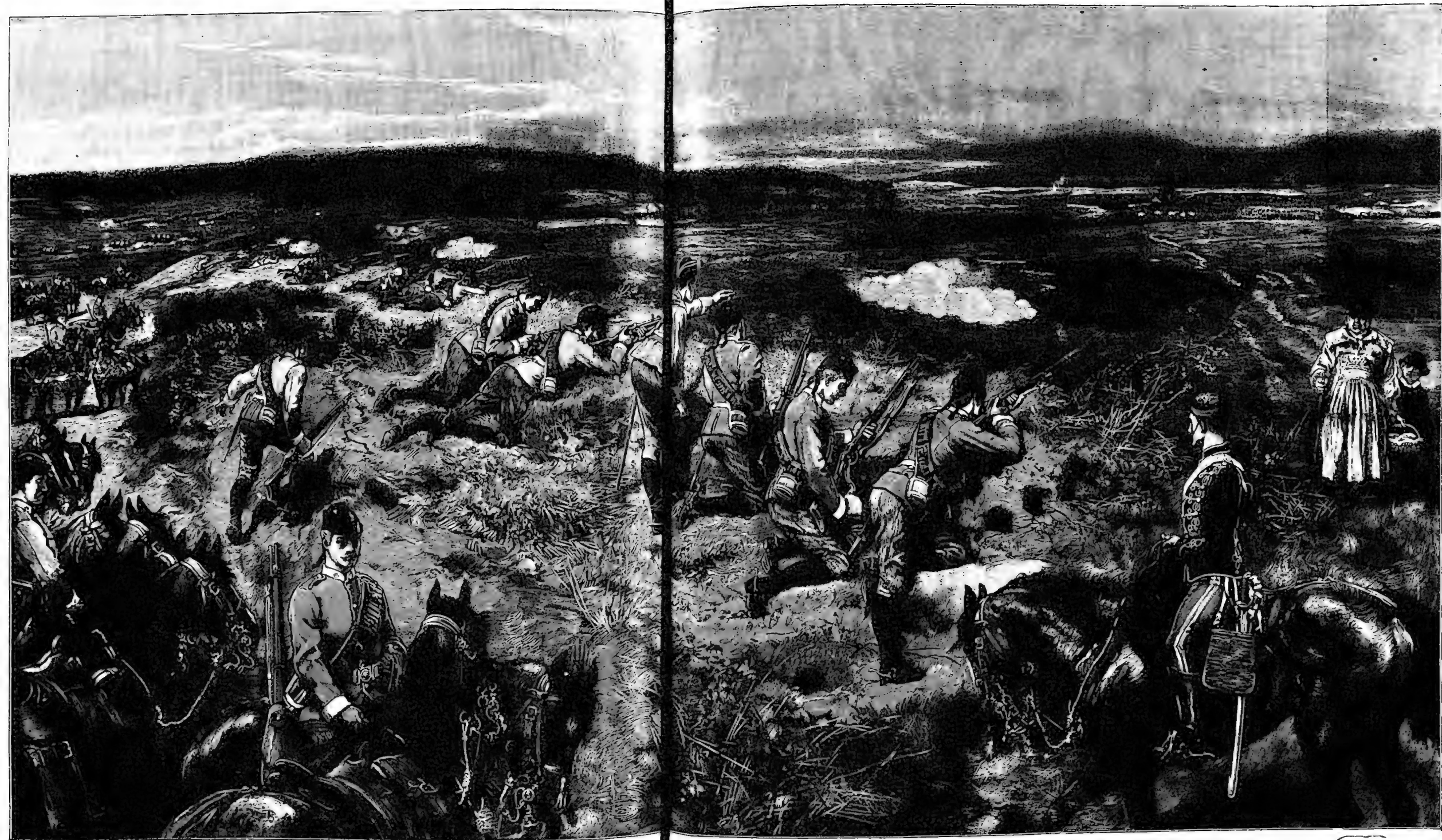
"*Work*" edited by Francis Young (Cassell and Co., Limited). This is the first yearly volume of that excellent weekly periodical *Work*, which is an illustrated magazine of practice and theory for all workmen, professional and amateur. It contains instructions, clearly and fully written, for the making of all sorts and kinds of things; and nobody, be he carpenter, electrician, or engineer, need study these pages in vain.

IN April last, Mr. Sanderson, Superintendent of Keddah, who has been for some little while purchasing elephants for the Government of India, arrived in Rangoon with nearly a score of very fine animals. The herd actually numbered sixteen, and two more arrived afterwards. On the way to Rangoon, one of the animals was unfortunately lost; it having stuck in the mud and became suffocated whilst crossing a creek of the Salween River. The highest of the herd measures a little over nine feet. One of the



mahouts stated that the majority of them were newly-caught animals, and as yet unaccustomed to the presence of man. They were safely brought on to the Soolay Pagoda Wharf, and in the course of the day were got on board the B.I.S.N. Company's ship *Colaba*, bound for Madras. They were all put on board by the aid of slings, hoisted by the steam-winch and lowered into the hold,

Mr. A. Conan Doyle's volume of reprinted stories, "The Captain of the *Polestar* ; and Other Tales " (Longmans, Green, and Co.), ought to meet with favour. He runs through nearly the entire scale of current taste ; and whether his theme be wholesale murder, or pseudo-scientific adventure, or what is generally summed up under the common term of the "Occult," he easily distances many a more famous rival in thoroughness as well as in grammar. It will be hard for anybody but a new Whitechapel murderer to beat the coloured gentleman in J. Habakuk Jephson's statement ; and for sheer weirdness for its own sake, the captain of the *Polestar* himself need not fear any amount of competition. Now and then a suspicion will suggest itself that Mr. Doyle has less respect for his intended public than it will assuredly have for him. But it is always safe to presume on an extensive absence of the sense of humour. People whose flesh has not yet lost its capacity for creepiness will enjoy themselves greatly.



MOUNTED INFANT

MANŒUVRING AT ALDERSHOT
DRAWN BY W. SMALL

A CHAT ABOUT BADGERS

NOT so very far from London lies a charming demesne, laid out at the end of last century by an enthusiastic landscape gardener, whose especial delight was that most impressive of our familiar trees, the beech. In this demesne—the exact situation, for reasons which will be appreciated by the Selborne Society, need not be particularised—there is a point in a cup-like hollow from which nothing but beech-trees can be seen. It is only a slight depression, the sides of the cup sloping upwards at a very small angle with the horizontal, but the surface has all sorts of irregularities. Here you have a patch of smooth ground, there a little sandy cliff, three or four feet high; but everywhere are the smooth stems and delicate foliage of the beeches. The place is beautiful enough in the early spring, but in the autumn, when the ground is covered with beech-mast and the leaves have turned to their golden brown, it is more beautiful still. If you come here on a moonlit night, and stand quietly in the shadow of a trunk, you will probably see that poor, inoffensive victim of persecution, the badger.

This glade suits him for several reasons. In the first place he is fond of mast, and he gets it here in profusion. Secondly, he is a hermit of hermits, and as badgers are strictly preserved on the estate, he is secure here against molestation. But the chief advantage of the place is the light dry soil, interlaced with a network of stout roots, easily burrowed by a badger, and presenting serious obstacles to the spade and pick. The badger's method is to start at the foot of a bank and bore a horizontal tunnel. When he has gone far enough in, he turns vertically upwards and excavates a little chamber, just big enough to hold him, a few inches above the level of the burrow. Sometimes he makes two chambers, reserving one of them as a storehouse for tightly-rolled grass-balls. He sleeps all day in his burrow, and comes out at night to feed. The dusky grey colour of his body would make it difficult to see him, were it not that the white stripes on his head, which in some quarters have earned him the name of Bawnsed Pate, are readily distinguishable. When he comes out of his hole he wastes no time, but trots off at once by one of his usual "runs" in search of toads, snails, insects, wild bees' nests, worms, young rabbits, fruit, and above all roots. Although he is omnivorous, he is said to be particularly fond of blue-bell roots. Those who have dug up a wild hyacinth know that it likes a soft soil chiefly composed of dead leaves, and the bulb is always deep down below the surface. This will account for the deep, funnel-shaped excavation made by the badger when he unearths one of his dainties.

If you wish to catch a badger alive, you must wait till he is away from home, foraging for food, and then fix a bag carefully in the mouth of the burrow. Round the neck of the bag there should be a running noose, which should be firmly fastened to a root or a stump. The bag having been placed in position, a couple of dogs should be turned loose to quarter the district. They will soon disturb the badger, and he will come shuffling back to his earth. In a strange country, with no holes, the dogs might catch him; but here, where every inch of the ground is familiar, he will probably reach the burrow first. He plunges blindly into the bag, drawing the noose tight by his own momentum. This simple method is now seldom employed, because few people want live badgers. In the wicked old days, when the sport of badger-drawing was popular, there was a brisk market for them. It is a mystery how such a barbarous practice could ever have found favour. An empty barrel, with one end open, was laid on its side, and the badger having been put in, a dog was allowed to attack it. After much snapping and snarling, the two would fasten upon one another, and the dog would then be "drawn" out by its tail, with the badger adhering. This would be repeated several times with each dog, and the dog which gripped the badger with the least hesitation was considered to be the victor. Of course the dogs were terribly mauled, for a badger, by reason of its sharp teeth, and the peculiar manner in which the two jaws are hinged together, can bite with remarkable force and tenacity; and the badger, too, notwithstanding his long hair and tough hide, must often have been cruelly punished.

Although badger-baiting has died a natural death, the instinct of tormenting an inoffensive animal still survives in a modified form. When we were boys at school we once took part, not without subsequent searchings of conscience, in a modern development of the "sport." There were four or five boys, each of whom held a dog by its chain, and a badger was turned out of a sack upon the open downs, about twenty yards in front of them. Away went the badger in a straight line across country, and the boys ran after it, with the dogs tugging furiously at their chains. Downhill the boys gained on their quarry, but uphill the badger more than held his own. There is something deceptive about a badger's gait, which makes him appear to travel more slowly than he really does. After a chase of about a mile the badger was rapidly approaching a spinney, and great was the excitement of its keeper for fear it should run into the underwood and be lost. Just at this point the hindmost boy, thoroughly exhausted, flung himself down panting upon the grass, and let go the chain of his dog. In a few bounds the dog cleared the space between himself and the badger just as the latter was entering the spinney. When the rest of us arrived on the scene, the two were locked together, the badger having fastened upon the dog's nose. With some difficulty we got the badger into the sack, and the next thing was to prize his mouth open and release the dog. This was effected by means of a piece of stag's horn which one of the boys produced from his pocket with true schoolboy resourcefulness.

Boys are certainly inconsiderate. We remember, for example, how on the way home from this badger chase some of us made fun of a serious boy who asserted that in Yorkshire, where he lived, a badger was "a professional man." This happens to be strictly true. Advertisements may still occasionally be seen in the local papers of "W. Smith," or "J. Brown, Badger, York," or wherever the place may be. This species of badger was a licensed "travelling buyer-up of produce." Possibly his title may have been connected with the Latin word *Bladarius*, but more probably it was derived from the French word *Bagagier*. It may even be, as has been suggested, that the name badger was given to the animal on account of its habit of storing provisions underground. But it is a curious thing that nearly all the popular ideas about badgers are incorrect. The badger was long supposed to belong to the bear family, whereas its dental formula shows unmistakably that it should be classed among the weasels. It has been wrongly considered to be amphibious. There has been a persistent but totally erroneous popular belief that its legs are shorter on one side than the other:—

And as this beast hath legs. . . .
One long, the other short, that when he runs
Upon the plain, he halts, but when he runs
On craggy hills, or steepy rocks, we see
None runs more swift, or easier than he,

says Browne in the *Britannia Pastorals*. Again, badgers have acquired a reputation for wildness and ferocity, whereas it has lately been shown that they may be easily and very completely tamed.

It has also, we believe, been established that they possess the remarkable power of trotting backwards, an accomplishment which is exhibited in a less degree by their cousins the ferrets.

The fact that so many mistakes have been made about the natural history of badgers is no doubt due to their nocturnal habits, and the difficulties in the way of observing them.

R. C. D.

STRAY NOTES OF PARIS THEATRES

THE VARIÉTÉS

IN 1844, or thereabouts, I first saw Vernet, the last survivor of a famous trio of actors who for a long series of years had mainly contributed to the prosperity of the theatre originally founded by Mdlle. Montansier. Potier and Brunet were before my time, and as therefore I could only speak of them from hearsay, I prefer recording the opinion of my old friend Perlet, as finished a comedian as either of his colleagues. "Potier," he said, "might have served as a model for a portrait of Don Quixote; he was tall, lank, and angular, with a deep-toned cavernous voice and a quiet but incisive delivery. His facial expression was marvellous, and his skill in disguising his appearance so extraordinary, that, when he played in two pieces on the same night, those who had applauded him in the first often failed to recognise him in the second. This versatility was especially manifested in such widely different characters as Riquet à la Houpe, the Bourgmaster de Saardam, the Ci-devant Jeune Homme, and the père Sourniois in *Les petites Danaïdes*, to each of which he gave a separate and distinct individuality, a rare and precious quality, justifying the eulogium of his great admirer, Talma, who considered him to be the most "complete" actor he had ever known.

"Brunet, on the contrary, was a little man with round staring eyes, and a face expressive of the most guileless simplicity and naïveté; as the blundering valet Jocrisse, an episodic personage introduced into at least a score of pieces, he was inimitably droll, perpetually saying and doing exactly the reverse of what he ought to have said and done, and this with perfect gravity and *bonne foi*, the effect of which on the spectators was irresistible. For upwards of fifty years he was the idol of the Parisians, and those who have seen him and Potier play together have enjoyed a treat not easily to be forgotten."

In order to judge Vernet fairly, one must have seen him in all his leading characters, every type in his varied repertory having been the result of the closest and most profound observation; one must have had ocular proof of his wonderful versatility, and of his singularly careful attention to the most apparently insignificant details in what the French call the "composition" of a part. Authors in those days were often content to sketch the mere outline of a character, the filling up of which was left wholly to its interpreter; and here one of Vernet's dominant qualities came into play. He saw at a glance what could be made of a part, and how and where to supply the finishing touches required; he had, moreover, the gift of varying his effects as the impulse of the moment prompted him, so that he never appeared the same two nights together. In no part was he seen to greater advantage than in that of Gaspard in the *Père de la Débutante*, an admirable creation, which afforded full scope for the display of his versatile powers, and would alone have ranked him among the very best comedians of his or any other time; but this is only one of his many titles to celebrity. His name is inseparably associated with the grand days of the Variétés, from which ill health, not old age (he not having at the period of his death in 1848 attained his fifty-ninth year), compelled him to retire. At the sale of his belongings, after his decease, the old umbrella used by him in *Ma Femme et Mon Paraphrasis* was adjudged to an itinerant dealer for thirty sous, and subsequently purchased as a precious relic by the actor Bouffé for forty francs.

The limited space at my command prevents me from devoting more than a few lines to Vernet's clever colleagues—Odry, the Brothers Lepeintre, and Mdlle. Flore; of these, the first-named was indisputably the most popular, and in broad farce absolutely unrivalled. Odry's face, like that of our own Liston, was his fortune, and the effect produced by it on the spectators has been thus correctly described: "He came on the stage, and the audience began to laugh; he walked a step or two, they laughed louder, and when he opened his mouth to speak, the whole house was in a roar. "His great parts were Bilboquet in *Les Saltimbanques* and *L'Ours et le Pacha*, and in both he was unapproachable.

After Potier's retirement, several of his best parts, including *Le Bénéficiaire*, fell to the share of Lepeintre *ainé*, a sterling comedian who, without imitating his great predecessor, gradually worked his way into public favour, and retained it during a long and successful career. The close of his life was a sad one: on quitting the stage he invested his earnings in the purchase of a small hotel, which, unfortunately, failed, absorbing everything possessed by the luckless speculator, who never recovered from the shock, but, after some months of complete mental prostration, ultimately died by his own hand.

Stout people are generally good-humoured, and Lepeintre *jeune*, or, as he was usually called, "Le gros Lepeintre," was certainly no exception to the rule. He was always smiling, not for effect, but because it came natural to him, and he couldn't help it; the very sight of his enormous head—in shape resembling a pumpkin—and body to match, as he waddled across the stage placidly beaming on the audience, was irresistibly mirth-provoking, and, like Hyacinthe's nose at the Palais Royal, saved more than one indifferent piece from summary condemnation. The parts entrusted to him were rarely important, his voice having become so indistinct that it was difficult to hear what he said; but his eyes twinkled so drolly, and his face, figure, look, and manner were so absolutely grotesque, that no one ever dreamt of criticising his merit as an actor.

Mdlle. Flore, in her latter days, bade fair to rival Lepeintre *jeune* in circumference, and had lost every trace of the beauty which, according to report, she had once possessed. Her talent, however, had survived her charms, and, although more than sixty summers had passed over her head, she was still full of "go," and one of the best "old women" I ever saw on any stage. Shortly before her final retirement from the boards she published her memoirs in three volumes, purporting to be written by herself, but generally attributed to the veteran dramatist Dumersan.

In 1846, the reigns of government at the Variétés were held by Nestor Roqueplan, brother of the painter Camille Roqueplan, and as great a character in his way as Mr. Burnand's "Old Ruddock." He was a thorough Parisian, never happy when away from his beloved Boulevard, and preferring its asphalt to the finest scenery in the world. Brillat-Savarin would have appreciated him as a brother gourmet had he heard his reply to the question, "Which country he admired the most?"

"The one," said Nestor, "which gives us the earliest green peas of the year."

He had—a somewhat singular prejudice for the manager of a theatre—a profound contempt for vaudevillists, as the following well-authenticated anecdote will show.

"I want that thing of yours to-morrow," he said to one of the fraternity; "it must be put into rehearsal immediately."

"You can have the piece to-day if you wish," was the answer, "but the couplets are not done yet."

"The couplets!" exclaimed Roqueplan, in a derisive tone, "what on earth does that matter! Any fool can do them. My porter will knock them off in half an hour!"

"I often wonder," remarked a friend, aware of his antipathy "why you don't write your pieces yourself."

"You might as well ask me," retorted Nestor, "why I don't black my own boots!"

Nevertheless, he inaugurated his management very brilliantly by engaging Bouffé, who had lately seceded from the Gymnase, and still further strengthened his company by securing the valuable services of Mdlle. Déjazet. For several months all went on swim-

mingly; the *Gamin de Paris* and *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu* drew overflowing houses, and Nestor congratulated himself on the success of his experiment; but before a year had elapsed "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." The new pieces produced, with the single exception of *Gentil Bernard*, in which Déjazet made a great hit, proved failures, and the receipts fell off so rapidly that Roqueplan gladly profited by the first opportunity of transferring the burden of management to some one else's shoulders, and ere long appeared in a new character as the author of that delightful little book "Parisine."

After his departure things went from bad to worse. The incoming lessee—I forget his name—was a mere man of straw, backed up by a money-lender called Zogheb, who reduced the salaries of the actors, and made himself so generally obnoxious that when, some weeks later, it transpired that a "milor Anglais" had purchased the theatre, and was about to enter into possession immediately, the prospect of a change for the better, and the certainty of getting rid of "old Sixty per Cent.," were hailed with enthusiasm. The "milor Anglais" turned out to be my worthy friend, John Bowes, for many years a staunch supporter of the English Turf, and owner of West Australian and other Derby winners. He engaged as acting-manager a certain Thibaudeau, who had played at the Odéon under the name of Milon, a dapper little man, more endowed with self-assurance than with any administrative capability. The only real success, I remember, under his management was *La Vie de Bohème*—an adaptation of Murger's charming book, exquisitely acted by Mdlle. Thuillier as Mimi, and by the fascinating Adèle Page as Musette. After the first night's performance a ball was given in honour of the event by Mdlle. Alice Ozy, one of the liveliest members of the company, to which Thackeray, as he tells us in his letters, was invited, and by not going missed—*crede experto*—a very gay affair.

Among the new recruits were Lassagne, who essayed to resuscitate the *Janot* of the eighteenth century, but with no very brilliant result; and Mdlle. Suzanne Lagier, a lady of voluminous proportions, who, in a piece the name of which has slipped my memory, had to be carried off the stage by her lover, a youth of anything but Herculean build. The task was too arduous for his strength, and he was on the point of being reduced to the humiliating necessity of dragging his *inamorata* towards the nearest wing, when a wag in the gallery suddenly shouted, to the infinite amusement of the audience: "Don't hurry yourself; make two journeys of it. Take as much as you can, and come back for the rest."

Neither of these, however, nor Mdlle. Delorme, in whose special interest the theatre had been taken, succeeded in attracting the public; and in 1849 Bowes, who had had enough of theatricals to last him his lifetime, abdicated in favour of M. Hippolyte Cogniard, joint author with his brother, Théodore, of many dramatic works, including the *Biche au Bois* at the Porte St. Martin, with whose advent—a fortunate era for the Variétés—shortly to be reinforced by the engagements of Arnal and Hortense Schneider, I may appropriately close these recollections. C. H.

FEMININE ARTISTS IN FRANCE hitherto have not enjoyed the opportunities for study accorded to their English sisters. But now that so many Frenchwomen ply the brush, a movement has been going on for some time to obtain State training for female Art students, and the Committee of the École des Beaux-Arts has at last formally asked the Government to place women on the same footing as men in the State Art schools.

THE VOYAGE BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA will be shortened materially by the new seaport now being built at the east end of the Straits of Canso, Nova Scotia. This port, Terminal City, commands one of the finest harbours on the Atlantic, and is open to navigation at all seasons. It is 400 miles nearer Liverpool than New York or Boston, so that by the aid of new steamers built for high speed the voyage would only last four days.

ENGLISH IN EGYPTIAN SCHOOLS is gradually coming into favour in preference to French. Now that British influences predominate in the land of the Pharaohs, most of the higher class of natives wish their children to learn English as the more generally useful language. English professors are being appointed to Government Schools, and this innovation, doubtless, will form an additional grievance for our Gallic neighbours in their jealousy of England in Egypt.

A MURDEROUS WAR-SHIP has been planned by a lawyer of St. Paul, U.S.A. He proposes to have steel upper-decks which can be charged heavily with electricity, the dynamos being down below in the engine-room. When the vessel goes into action she will get as close as possible to the enemy, actually inviting boarders. As soon as the opposing forces begin to board her, the crew will retire below, out of harm's way, "the engineer will touch an electric button, and the boarders, shocked to death, will drop lifeless on the decks like flies." So, at least, says the *Albany Sunday Press*.

THE GOLD HOARDS OF INDIA are enormous, and the import of the precious metal increases every year. The rich native princes prefer their gold in bars, which they can stow away in their treasuries, or convert into ornaments for their table and for their feminine relations. Not only do these ornaments gratify female vanity, but they form a safe method of preserving treasure for a rainy day. The poorer classes copy their superiors, and put their riches on their wives rather than hide it away for a thief to discover. Madras takes most of the sovereigns, which are largely used for necklaces and bracelets, besides being stowed in some snug hiding-place by the miserly.

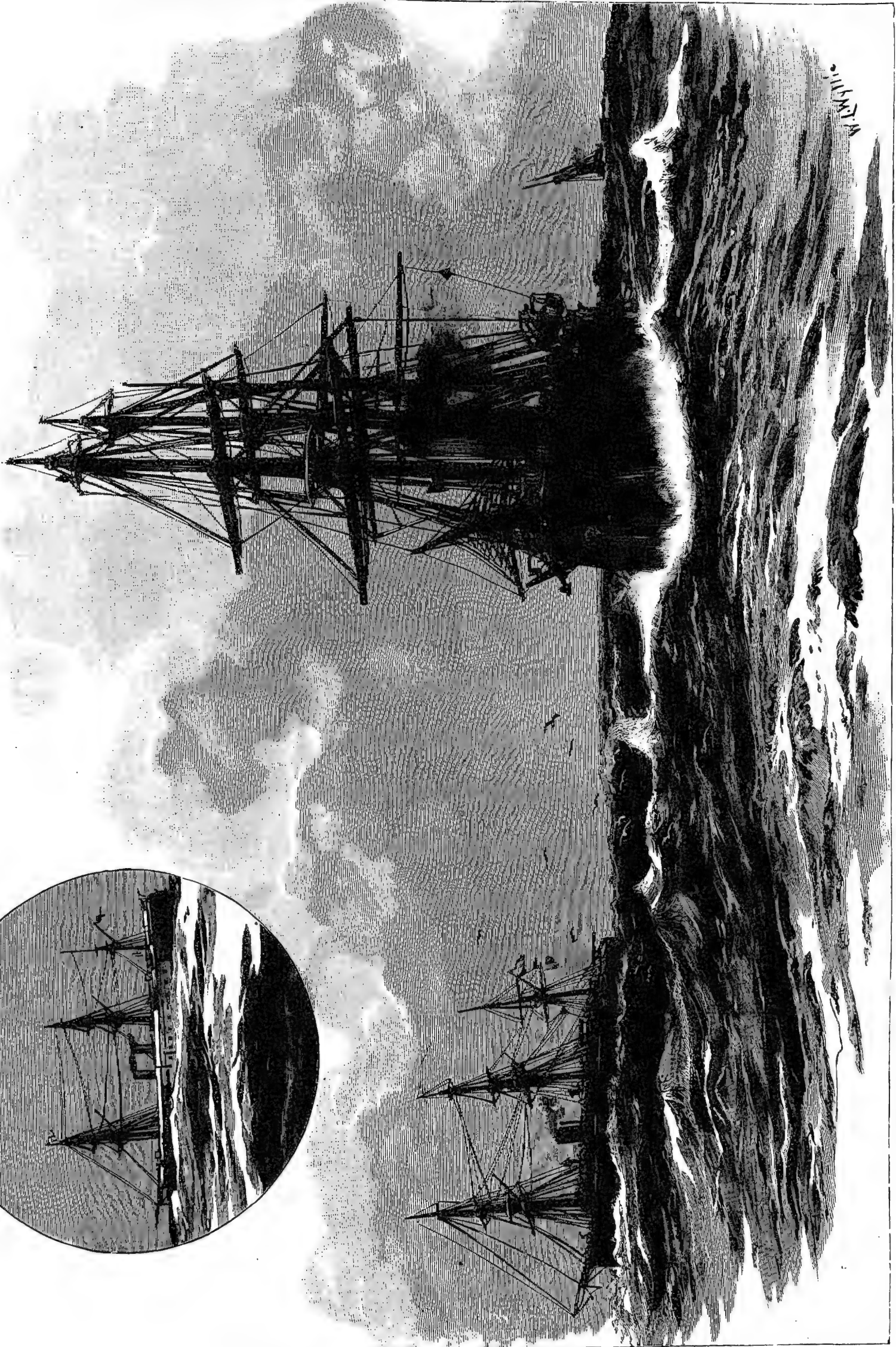
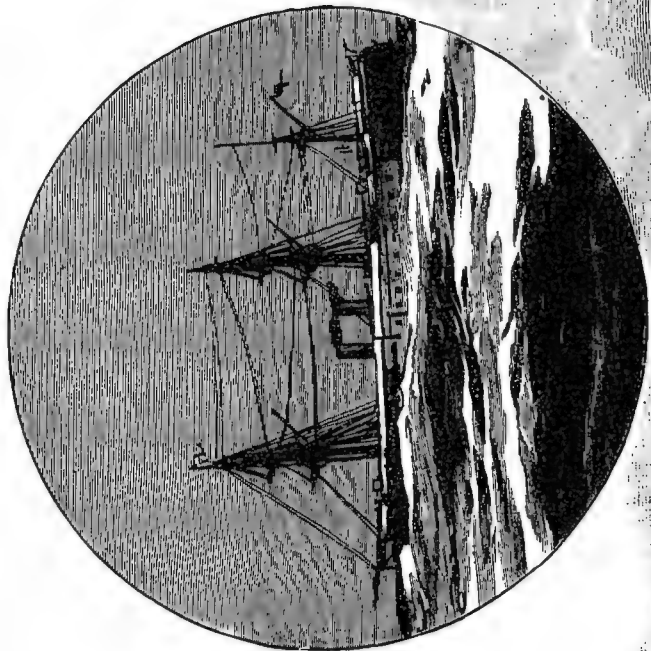
SMALL CHANGE evidently is much appreciated in South-Western France. A farmer in the Dauphiny Alps recently sold some sucking-pigs for 115 francs, and stipulated that he should be paid in centimes. The buyer assented, treating the demand as a joke. When, later, he offered to pay the money in ordinary cash, however, the farmer held to his bargain, and summoned the other before a magistrate, who decided that the exact terms of the agreement must be observed. So the purchaser must count out 11,500 single centime-pieces for his debt of 4*l.* 12*s.* Reckoning that two centimes and a half equal a farthing, English people may get an idea of the mass of coppers required for the amount.

PATRIOTIC JAPANESE regard European grammar and composition with considerable contempt. A native book on foreign literature censures the Westerners for not putting the verb at the end of the sentence—"the only sensible way, as we do in Japan" (evidently the author has not studied German). "If, for instance," he continues, "you want to talk about the moon, how can you say 'To see the moon?' You must say 'The moon to see,' because if the moon were not there first, you could not see it. You can see the crookedness of European hearts by their writing. They write crooked—across the paper instead of up and down as any sensible person would."

A GOOSEBERRY BUSH has led to a very pretty law suit in Upper Silesia. The bush stood on the border of two gardens, and for many years the respective owners picked the fruit on their special side of the bush. However, the neighbours quarrelled, and one claimed the whole of the crop on the plea that his parents planted the bush. Then the disputants went to law and carried the suit into several Courts, till at last the highest authority decided that they must each pick their own side of the bush as before, and pay costs amounting to 11*l.* apiece. There is a heavy lawyer's bill in addition, and all this money has been spent over a single yearly dish of gooseberries not worth more than 1*s.*

H.M.S. Iron Duke

H.M.S. Northumberland



H.M.S. Monarch

"PASSED OUT" SHIPS OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON
DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



GERMANY is genuinely gratified by her Emperor's welcome to England, and compares the distrust felt on his first visit with the cordial greeting now extended by the British people. Official circles and the Press alike dwell on the immense importance of the friendship between the two countries, insisting that in this case a tacit alliance is as good as any written Treaty. They point out, too, what important events have occurred between Emperor William's first and second visits to England, notably the Labour Conference and the resignation of Prince Bismarck. In the general praise of Great Britain and the British even the critics of the Anglo-German Agreement have dropped their grievances in Africa to exult that Emperor William can visit Heligoland on his way home for the first time as the national property. The English Governor and the garrison will leave to-day (Saturday), after formally handing over the island to Herr von Büttcher, Secretary of State, and the Emperor will spend a few hours in his new possession on the following day. Equal cordiality is expressed towards BELGIUM, for King Leopold gave the German Emperor a splendid welcome at Ostend on Saturday and Sunday. The coming visit to RUSSIA stands on a far more ceremonious footing. The German Emperor will arrive at Revel with his fleet next Friday, and the Manœuvres which take place before the Imperial guest at Narva are to be the most elaborate ever carried out in Russia. Certainly Emperor William will indulge his military tastes to the full this autumn, for subsequently he will witness the combined Army and Navy evolutions off the Schleswig-Holstein Coast, and the Guards' Manœuvres on the anniversary of Sedan, and then join the Austrian Emperor in Silesia for fresh extensive operations. The Socialist law expires on September 30th, so the party will be able to hold their annual Diet on German soil for the first time for thirteen years.

FRANCE at last anticipates the holidays, as the Chamber expects to disperse this week, after the longest Session ever known. The debates on taxation being dull, public attention has turned to the terrible colliery disaster at St. Etienne, where an explosion at the Villebeuf mine killed seventy-five men and injured many others. Part of this mine is always on fire, and it is supposed that one of the walls isolating the fiery quarter gave way and caused the disaster. Two other explosions occurred on Monday, so that the district is much alarmed. The victims were buried with much ceremony, while the Chamber voted funds to relieve their families. The Dahomey difficulty has come up again. Peace proposals have been made to King Béhanzin, but should he reject the terms, France will declare war, and send an expedition to Abomey in October.

CHOLERA excites much anxiety on the Continent. Passing right across SPAIN, from the site of the original outbreak (Valencia), the epidemic has now appeared in the Province of Badajoz, near the Portuguese frontier. The Portuguese at once imposed stringent precautions, and stopped the international train service to keep the passengers from Spain in eight days' quarantine, whilst they are establishing lazarettos on the frontier. Nor does the disease abate in Valencia, some 1,100 persons having been attacked between May 13th and Saturday last, with a mortality of 56 per cent. But southern countries chiefly dread the infection being brought by pilgrims from Mecca, where cholera has broken out with great virulence, just at the time of the great annual pilgrimage. Large numbers of deaths occur daily, and the Egyptian Government now oblige the returning pilgrims to undergo quarantine at El Tor, and to journey home by land instead of sea.

TURKEY continues encompassed with troubles. The Armenian agitation increases, especially in Van and Moosh, where the oppressed people are stated to be declaring that their only hope of relief lies in Russia. Yet the Porte does nothing except issue a fresh explanatory circular and increase the garrisons. The Armenians concerned in the recent riot at Koom Kapo are being tried by a military court, and the Patriarch has resigned, thanks to a sharp rebuke from the Sultan's Secretary. For the time Turkey enjoys a brief respite from Russian complaints. M. de Nélidoff has gone on leave of absence, and may not return to Constantinople, the Russian Government being much displeased that the Ambassador did not prevent the late Turkish concession to BULGARIA. But SERBIA showers protests on the Porte against the appointment of the Bulgarian Bishops, pleading for a similar privilege in Macedonia. Monster meetings on the subject are being held throughout the country, while the Serbians point their arguments by making much display of military preparations. On the other hand, Bulgaria avoids any appearance of aggression, even countermarching the manœuvres projected near the Serbian frontier in order to reassure both her neighbour and the Porte. Contented with her late victory she is anxious to cultivate Turkish friendship in every way.

AUSTRIA enjoyed a thorough domestic festival on the marriage of the Archduchess Valérie. The wedding was celebrated with the utmost simplicity in the parish church at Ischl, the streets being lined with young girls strewing flowers, instead of troops, and the Princess and her husband going off quite unattended to Offensee for their honeymoon. The whole Empire showed great sympathy and loyalty for the Imperial Family, charitable institutions being founded, services held in the churches, and the Press teeming with congratulatory articles. The Emperor and Empress were delighted with the general cordiality, and His Majesty addressed most grateful letters to the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers, acknowledging his people's affection.

While the rising in the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC has subsided, the country continues in a most insecure condition. For some time President Celman refused to resign, though the Vice-President and his chief supporters urged him to quit office, and he could not persuade the Opposition to come to terms and allow their leaders to enter the Cabinet. Dr. Celman seemed wilfully blind to the situation, judging by the manifesto he issued to the nation, declaring that the prosperity, peace, and security of the Republic are represented in his person. It was a proof of his weakness that all concerned in the late Revolution returned to their avocations without the slightest penalty for their rebellion, while the President's house had to be guarded by troops. At last, finding that even the Army would not support him, the President offered his resignation on Tuesday, when a stormy scene ensued in the Chambers. His party endeavoured to reconcile him to Dr. Pellegrini and General Roca, but in vain, and the political situation became very strained. Several candidates are in the field for the Presidency, so the city is in a state of great excitement. Fully 1,000 persons were killed, and 5,000 wounded, in Buenos Ayres during the insurrection. Business is checked, and commercial payments postponed till the 31st inst., but the financial situation is improving gradually. In CENTRAL AMERICA the conflict between GUATEMALA and SALVADOR has been complicated by a domestic conspiracy in the latter Republic. General Rivas, who was sent against the Guatemalans, turned traitor, and attacked the capital of San Salvador, but was defeated, and killed by the brother of President Ezetas. The latter then hurried back to lead the troops on to the Guatemalan capital, while the Guatemalan forces cannot offer serious resistance, being weak, underpaid, and dejected.

The British Protectorate of ZANZIBAR has borne its first-fruits already, in the important anti-slavery decree which the Sultan has just issued. Last autumn, thanks chiefly to British influence, the late Sultan decreed the freedom of all slave children born in his dominions from January, 1890, but the present measure means the total abolition of slavery within a few years. Henceforward slaves can neither be sold, bought, nor exchanged; slave-brokers, or any person engaged in the traffic, will be severely punished; houses used for this purpose are closed; and slaves become free at the death of their owners, unless children survive to inherit them. No Zanzibar subject marrying a British subject can possess slaves, and any owner ill-treating his slaves will at once forfeit them, while the slaves themselves have the power of purchasing their freedom on reasonable terms. Further, the Sultan binds himself to protect all freed slaves. Most of the Arabs accept this sweeping measure philosophically enough, but many of the lower classes, finding the occupation gone, are disposed to rebel. Indeed, a mob destroyed the decree posted on the Custom House, though the Sultan promptly put down all opposition. With European influence dominant along the coast, the slave-dealers find protest of little use, and as trade in Zanzibar is exceedingly flourishing just now, they foresee that they can find profit in other branches besides black ivory. Further along the East African coast, the Portuguese have again come into collision with the English, for Lieutenant Coutinho, who is serving on the Shiré, seized the British African Lakes Company's steamer, *James Stevenson*, at Chiroma, and sent the crew to Quilimane for trial. However, his high-handed action has much annoyed the Portuguese Government, and the Minister of Marine declared in Parliament that the Lieutenant must be punished for a breach of discipline. It seems likely that the Portuguese in Africa will owe England another grudge for the new SWAZILAND Convention with the TRANSVAAL. Now that President Krüger may construct a railway across Swaziland to the sea, and create a port near Kosi Bay, he will not be so anxious for Portuguese friendship, nor to establish railway communication with the Delagoa Bay line. This Convention was signed on Saturday, after long negotiations between President Krüger and Mr. Hofmeyr, on behalf of the Cape, and provides for the independence of Swaziland under a Joint Government over the white settlers. Courts of Justice will be established to administer the old Roman-Dutch Law, and the Transvaal promises not to interfere to the north or north-west of the Republic, but to support the British South African Company in establishing order within its jurisdiction. In return for the railway concession and the port at Kosi Bay, the Transvaal must enter the South African Customs Union within six months or the arrangement lapses. This agreement is a compromise between the rival suggestions of England or the Transvaal annexing Swaziland, and is stipulated to last three years for certain. However, a large party in the Transvaal Raad strongly oppose the Convention, declaring its terms most injurious to their country. On the other hand, the Cape Premier congratulated Parliament on so satisfactory an agreement.

INDIA devotes much attention to the leper question and meetings are being held both in Bombay and Calcutta to draw up schemes for suitable legislation. Large subscriptions towards a leper asylum have been promised in the former city, while the Calcutta Health Society petition the Government to act without waiting for the report of the Leprosy Commission. Another trouble is the enormous damage caused by floods in the northern provinces. From forty-five to fifty inches of rain fell at Naini Tal last month, villages and railways are submerged in the Bareilly district, and Darjeeling is as badly off for provisions as a besieged city, owing to the difficulty of communication.

MISCELLANEOUS.—RUSSIA denies that she intends to embark on any persecution of Jewish residents in the Empire. But the Muscovite Jews themselves insist on the truth of the reported severe measures.—Intense heat prevails in the UNITED STATES, causing many deaths. Last month was the hottest July ever known, while in Chicago the temperature on Friday week exceeded the highest record. Sixty cases of sunstroke occurred, thirty proving fatal, and the heat assisted the spread of a great fire along the lake front, where numerous lumber piles and factories were burned. The seizures in Behring Sea have begun. The American revenue cutter *Rush* boarded and warned off the British schooner *Ariel*, while the Customs' officers at Ounalaska seized another British vessel, the *George White*. Twenty-four British sailors tried to desert from the *Bellerophon*, now with the North American Squadron off Rhode Island, but they were speedily re-captured.—Floods in CHINA continue so severe that communication is stopped between Peking and Tientsin. The greater part of both cities is under water, the crops are destroyed, and the authorities are helpless.



THE German Emperor's visit to the Queen has made Osborne very gay this week. Before His Majesty's arrival, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned from the Continent, and the Queen held an Investiture of the Distinguished Service Order, decorating four officers for bravery. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne dined with Her Majesty on Saturday evening, and next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Dean of Gloucester officiated, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters subsequently lunched with the Queen. Early on Monday morning the German Emperor appeared off Cowes in the *Hohenzollern*, coming from Dover Bay, where the Imperial yacht spent the night. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught went out in the *Albion* to meet the Emperor, and a Royal salute greeted him in the Solent, while Prince Henry of Battenberg, as Governor of the Isle of Wight, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and a guard of honour received His Majesty and his brother, Prince Henry, on landing. The Queen and Princesses welcomed Emperor William at Osborne House, and the Imperial guests spent a quiet day with the Royal party, taking a drive, and being entertained at a family dinner party in the evening. On Tuesday His Majesty accompanied the Prince of Wales in his yacht *Ahne* during the race for the Queen's Cup, where Prince Henry of Battenberg's yacht *Shelia* was amongst the competitors. Both the Royal yachts were unsuccessful. In the evening the Emperor and his brother dined with the Prince of Wales and the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the Castle. Wednesday was occupied by a visit to Eastney Barracks and witnessing a sham fight on Portsmouth heights, while on Thursday His Majesty had an interview with Lord Salisbury, and inspected Portsmouth dockyard, staying an extra day on purpose. His departure was fixed for yesterday (Friday).

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters, with Prince Wallemar of Denmark, took up their quarters on board the *Osborne*, off Cowes, on Saturday, coming from Goodwood. The Prince went ashore in the evening to the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, and next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service on board their yacht. Since then the Prince and Princess have been assisting to entertain the German Emperor, until to-day (Saturday),

when they visit Portsmouth to open the new Town Hall. At the end of next week the Prince goes to Homburg, and the Princess and daughters proceed to Gmunden, and, during the autumn, the Prince will pay a shooting visit to Lord Lonsdale, at Lowther Castle, Penrith. Prince George of Wales has reached Halifax in the *Thrush*.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were at Southampton on Saturday to lay the stone of the new chapel attached to the Seamen's Mission Institute. The Duke took up his command at Devonport on Monday, and thus was unable to join in the reception of the German Emperor, but returned to Cowes in the afternoon on six weeks' leave. He kept his forty-sixth birthday on Wednesday.—Prince and Princess Christian's eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, goes to India in November with his regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps.—The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Homburg for the waters, and stopped at Coblenz on his way to inspect the 28th Infantry Regiment, of which he is honorary colonel.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters are at Athens, staying in the Royal villa at Tatoi.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Arrangements were, on Saturday last, satisfactorily concluded whereby Signor Lago will open Covent Garden for an autumnal season of Italian Opera, commencing on October 18th. The lease of the house has been signed, but contracts with artists and other details have, of course, yet to be settled. According to present intentions, Signor Lago hopes to perform Verdi's *Otello*, with a strong cast, and to revive Weber's *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and Gluck's *Orfeo*. Negotiations are in progress for the engagement of several well-known artists, and the band will be practically of the strength of that engaged during the summer season, although the prices will be reduced to a popular level. At present a season of only six weeks has been arranged for, but, if, as is expected, it prove successful, there is no reason why it should not be prolonged, and even carried on till the spring. Years ago Italian Opera at popular prices always was a successful speculation in the autumn, and this year Signor Lago will have the advantage of a November meeting of Parliament, which should bring a large number of the aristocratic and moneyed classes to London. At any rate the enterprise, if conducted in a liberal spirit, will be warmly welcomed by frequenters of the opera, who are numerous enough to lament that of late years, in the richest city of the world, operatic performances have practically been limited to a few weeks during the warmest period of the summer, when even musical enthusiasts might be forgiven if they preferred the country or the river to the best ventilated theatre.

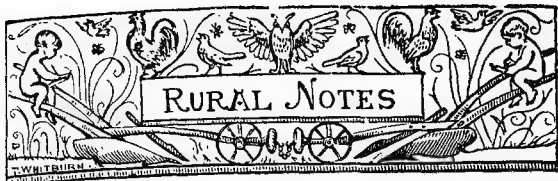
A MENDELSSOHN FESTIVAL.—Music lovers will be delighted to learn that, owing to the success which recently attended the performances of *Elijah* and *St. Paul* on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace, the directors have resolved to give a regular Mendelssohn Festival, not, of course, next year, which will be devoted to the Handel Triennial Festival, but in June, 1892. The affair will be on the same scale as the Handel Festivals, the previous Friday being devoted to the full public rehearsal, while the Festival proper will open on the Monday with *Elijah*, followed on the Wednesday by the *Lobgesang* and a miscellaneous selection, and closing on the following Friday with *St. Paul*. There can be no question that so brilliant a series of performances by a band and chorus of 4,000 executants collected from various parts of the United Kingdom, and conducted by Mr. August Manns, will mark another step in the increasing popularity of these gigantic choral gatherings at Sydenham.

CARL ROSA COMPANY.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company commenced on Monday, at Plymouth, their new provincial tour, which will be continued until shortly before Easter next. The earliest productions before Christmas will be Mr. Cowen's *Thorgun*, which has already been produced in London, but has not hitherto been heard in the provinces, and English versions of Verdi's *Traviata* and Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, besides Balfe's *Tales of the Moon*, according to the original English libretto written for it, under the name of *The Knight of the Leopard*, by the late Arthur Matthison. After Christmas Sir George Macfarren's *She Stoops to Conquer* will be revived, and it is also in contemplation to produce an English version of *Le Prophète*. The company contains many old favourites, together with several newcomers, Madames Burns, Fabris, and De Lussan being amongst the sopranos, and Misses Saunders, Mills, and Heddeghem among the contraltos; while Messrs. McGuckin, Child, and Runcio head the list of tenors, and Messrs. Crotty, Alec Marsh, and Abramoff the baritones and basses. This should prove a good working company, although doubtless it will be strengthened before the troupe comes again to London.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Mr. Freeman Thomas will open his ninth season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden this (Saturday) evening. The arrangements are practically identical with those of former years, the orchestra being again placed across the proscenium and surrounded by a promenade, while the arrangement of seats, save that a handsomely decorated saloon has been added, is the same as last year. Mr. Carodus will again lead the orchestra, which will be conducted by Mr. Gwyllyn Grove. Among the artists already secured are Madame Marie Rée, Amy Sherwin, Clara Samuelli, and Sterling; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Ben Davies, and Barrington Foote.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Herr Stavenhagen, the pianist, who last week married in Germany to Fräulein Agnes Denis, a well-known German soprano.—It is said that the famous tenor Signor Macini, who owing to troubles in Buenos Ayres has not been able to sing in Argentina this year, is now in England.—Mr. Luscombe Serrell's new comic opera *Isidora* will be produced at the Globe towards the middle of next month.—Madame Nordica announces that she will be back from Boston by the 15th prox.—On Thursday of this week Madame Patey accompanied by her husband sailed for a prolonged concert tour in Australia.—The death is announced, at the fine old age of ninety-eight, of Mr. Thomas Goddard, father of the well-known English pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard.—The death is also announced of Mrs. Rose Hersee, mother of the well-known vocalist of that name.—The death is likewise announced, at the age of sixty, of Herr Paul Schiedmayer, head of the well-known piano-forte manufacturing firm of J. and P. Schiedmayer, of Stuttgart. He was the youngest son of Johann Lorenz Schiedmayer, who originally introduced piano-forte manufacture to that city, and was a grandson of Johann David Schiedmayer, a harpsichord-maker at Nuremberg, in the last century.—Mourning cards have been issued announcing the death, after no fewer than sixty-one years of happy married life of Mrs. Maria Molineux, wife of the octogenarian, Mr. Thomas Molineux, inventor of the "Molineux" action for pianofortes, and one of the directors of St. James's Hall.—The Chester Triennial Festival will be held next July, when a new dramatic cantata from the pen of Dr. Joseph Bridge, organist of the cathedral will be produced.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE has begun work in Canada. An inaugural branch has just been formed at Winnipeg.



RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON is at present playing something like a summer harmony of sunshine, breezes, warm days, and starlit nights, with now and then the sound of silver-footed showers to freshen up the flowers. Nature has given the harvest-fields its supreme benison in August weather, nor can the good effects of the last few days be taken from our corn-crops. Something like a national thanksgiving is now being offered for the blessings of fine weather. The gaiety of nations has been evoked by the warm smiles of summer, and "classes and masses," husbandmen, landsmen, yachtsmen, artisans, and all the women and little children, have rejoiced in the Bank Holiday of August, 1890. For even the strong mower in the oat and barley-fields, beginning harvest on Bank Holiday—to him a day of welcome toil—rejoiced, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, that fine weather in season was good—very good; and so the ripe corn went on falling under his sword of peace. Wheat went down too in some early districts, as at Newmarket, in Cambridgeshire, and the fullness of the harvest year is being reached, whether the statistician may or may not rank the season as better or worse than recent ones.

FARMERS may be reminded that a year or two ago their wheat was only worth about 30s., whilst now it makes 36s.; nor are the merchants of Mark Lane expecting value to fall back to the point of ultra-ruin-working cheapness that has been suffered by wheat-producers during the past three seasons—taking heart out of every English farmer.

WILD MEN OF THE WOODS (as some of them look to be) may now be seen in the London streets, and, with weather-beaten baskets on their backs, dishevelled clothes, and "simples" in their hands, make up contrasting pictures to the trim-built, black-coated, and collared citizens around them. These men have various plants, the flotsam and jetsam of the fields and woods, to offer, and, amongst them, a sign of the season stronger than Goodwood Races may be seen, for already boughs with nuts on them are amongst the blue corn-cockles, which latter have become a fashionable button-hole for Londoners this year. As to sweet lavender, with its purplish hazy blue and musky smell, this is offered in sprays early in August, mostly from the hands of those London flower girls who lack, to a remarkable extent, the picturesqueness of the wild men from the woods. The London regiment of flower-girls is inexcusably commonplace in dress and feature, non-ornamental to town, and a libel on the sweet country.

JULY RAINFALL, 1890, has been heavy—4.50 inches, more than half falling in two days. In 1889 the July temperature was three degrees below the average. In 1888 there were great July storms, and a rainfall of 6.10 inches. July in 1867 and 1889 was notable also for heavy rainfall.

AN ESTIMATE is made of the coming wheat harvest, being an average over an area producing 6,250,000 qrs., and falling below an average in districts that should yield 3,250,000 qrs.—inferring that a crop of about 9,000,000 qrs. may be expected towards the total wants of the United Kingdom of 27,000,000 qrs. Thus, for import, fully 17,000,000 qrs. must be purchased in other countries.

AT THE MILLERS' CONVENTION lately held in Edinburgh, a paper was read by Mr. James W. Rush relative to the world's crops of wheat, in which paper was carefully ranked the common statistics of the subject. On the basis of recent years and prospects of present crops Europe is expected to grow 155 millions of qrs. of wheat, whilst for consumption it will require 175 millions—a shortage of twenty millions to be sought in America, India, and other countries.

IN A SPECIAL REPORT made of the Midland Counties of England, the following paragraph may be endorsed:—"That the general absence in the spring and early part of the present summer has not produced actual scarcity, but things generally make but slow growth, and are wanting in perfection and ripeness."—The writer also notes, "That the almost daily showers of the last fortnight in July have sadly hindered haymaking. The season has been good for the manufacture of ensilage, which is about the best that has been made for years, this arising from the richness of the grass, and the absence of stalks or bents." He might have added, and "because the grass crop for ensilage may be gathered at its primal stage;" whilst in haymaking, as mentioned in the *Times* of Tuesday, "much of the crop that has been lately saved was over-ripe and damaged."



THEATRES

THE new romantic drama by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan with which the ADELPHI has re-opened its doors, in defiance of the unfavourable influences of the seaside holiday season, is of the true Adelphi pattern. It is an Irish play with a story of the present time, wherein all those types of character which an Irish piece cannot safely dispense with are duly introduced and skilfully coloured to suit the tastes of the frequenters of that recognised home of robust melodrama. Need we say that *The English Rose* unfolds a tale of unjust accusation directed against a manly and high-minded hero, partly by the force of an extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous circumstances and partly through the wickedness of the villain of the piece. Need we add that the hero, Harry O'Malley, represented by Mr. Leonard Boyne, is a dare-devil in the saddle, and a very prodigy of athleticism; that the heroine, played by Miss Olga Brandon, who was unfortunately suffering on Saturday from an affection of the throat, is a very model of tenderness and devotion; that the landlord's agent, impersonated by Mr. Abingdon, is an unscrupulous ruffian; that Mr. Thalberg, as the priest, is full of charity and chivalrous sentiment; or that Miss Mary Rorke, as a much-tried and troubled maiden, appeals strongly to the feelings of those who can sympathise with beauty in distress. All the Adelphi company in fact find employment in the new piece, not forgetting Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. Shine, and Miss Clara Jecks as the comic personages, or Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Dalton, or that promising new recruit, Miss Essex Dane, in what are known as character parts. The steeplechase scene, wherein Mr. Boyne, mounted, as a cynical observer has said, upon "one of those cab horses who always win races on the stage," performs many feats of what may be described as judicious equestration, gave manifest satisfaction to the first-night audience; though the scene was less startlingly picturesque than the moonlight murder of the unjust landlord, or the rescue of the gallant O'Malley in the Court-house. The latter incident, it must be admitted, put no slight strain on the faith of the spectators, but nobody appeared to object to it on that account. *The English Rose* cannot be said to present any great originality, though there is an element of freshness in some of its scenes and character sketches;

but it has on the other hand an abundance of the tried and approved conditions of popularity, and no doubt it will hold the Adelphi well for many a month to come.

More than ordinary activity has been observable at the suburban theatres in Bank Holiday week. Nearly every one of those houses came forth with a change of programme, and as a rule with a revival of some drama that has proved attractive at one of the West End theatres. It is evident that the suburban playgoer is not easily daunted by sultry weather.

Of the *matinée* novelties of last week no very favourable report can be given. *That Girl*, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer and Mr. Henry Hamilton, brought out at the Beverly benefit at the HAYMARKET, proved to be a rather diffuse and crude production. Its faults were greatly aggravated by the introduction of an American *enfant terrible*, a very prodigy of slang, vulgarity, and precocity. With all its shortcomings, however, this piece might be said to be a work of genius, when compared with the feeble and foolish play, by Mr. Pierre Leclercq, *This Woman and That*, which Miss Adelaide Moore inflicted upon a patient and long-suffering audience at the GLOBE on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Pinero's plays, according to a letter addressed by him to the *Daily News*, are very well known on the German stage. *The Magistrate* has for some time been a popular work in the Austrian theatres, where it is called *Die Blaue Grotte*—that is, "The Blue Grotto"—this being the name given to the rather riotous restaurant where the midnight supper takes place. It is also in process of translation into Bohemian for performance at the National Theatre, Prague. *Sweet Lavender*, moreover, has been recently adapted by the German dramatist, Emil Pohl; and Dr. Blumenthal, the literary manager of Berlin, has undertaken a like task with *The Profligate*. We learn that *Sweet Lavender* is also in preparation in an Italian version, which will be produced in Florence and elsewhere.

It is said that a Dramatic Critics' Club is to be established in the neighbourhood of the Strand.

Mrs. John Wood closes the COURT Theatre to-night for a two months' holiday.

Mr. Willard will hold on with *Judah* at the SHAFTESBURY till September 25th, before which date he will produce, at a *matinée*, another piece by the same author, which bears the title of *The Deacon*. A week's performance at Liverpool, and another week at Birmingham, will follow; after which the entire Shaftesbury Company will sail for New York, there to fulfil an engagement at Mr. Palmer's theatre.

The new OLYMPIC is steadily rising from its foundations in that narrow and inconvenient thoroughfare Wych Street. Mr. Wilson Barrett counts on opening the new house in October. His company will be reinforced by Miss Winifred Emery, who will take the place of Miss Eastlake as leading lady.

Mr. James Albery's posthumous farcical comedy at the CRITERION, of which we shall have something to say next week, is an adaptation of that wildly mirthful French farce *Le Petit Ludovic*.

Miss Farren, Mr. Leslie, and the other members of the regular GAIETY company have been starring during the present week at the GRAND Theatre, much to the satisfaction of the Islingtonians. *Ruy Blas* is the piece chosen. The engagement extends to two weeks.

Mr. Alexander persists in his determination of following up that sprightly and diverting farce *Dr. Bill* with an English version of that eminently depressing drama *La Lutte pour la Vie*. His negotiations with a view to taking the St. James's having fallen through, Mr. Alexander will reopen the AVENUE with the piece last referred to some time before the end of next month.

Miss Calhoun has succeeded to the part of Vashti Dethic in Mr. Jones's *Judah* at the SHAFTESBURY. Her impersonation is distinguished by true passion as well as by that rare and indefinable quality which, for lack of less vague an expression, is called charm.

GENERAL CÁCERES

GENERAL ANDRES AVELINO CÁCERES, who is, until August 10th, Constitutional President of the Republic of Peru, was born in the city of Ayacucho in the year 1836. His father, Don Domingo Cáceres, was a rich landowner in the Department of Ayacucho; and, wishing his son to have a good education, he sent him at an early



GENERAL D'ANDRES CÁCERES
Retiring President of the Peruvian Republic

age to Lima, where he studied for the army. At the age of eighteen, in 1854, he joined his first infantry battalion as a sub-lieutenant; and since then he has risen in rank, winning his lieutenant's grades either through bravery on the field of battle or different grades either through bravery on the field of battle or steady work and good conduct. In 1875 he was made a Colonel, in 1881 General, and in 1886 Division-General. He distinguished himself greatly during the storming of Arequipa in 1858, and still himself during the recent disastrous war with Chili, when he reorganised the scattered remnants of the Peruvian army. He had served his country in his military capacity for over thirty-one years when he was elected unanimously President of the Republic, and entered upon his duties on the 3rd of June, 1886.

General Cáceres is a most popular man in Peru, where his many military achievements are admired, and his administration will always be remembered by his countrymen as one of the most beneficial to the Republic. Through his untiring energy and his loyal love to the Constitution he has been able to bring Peru again to the

fore, and the era of peace and progress which he has initiated is his best recommendation. He has now been succeeded in the Presidency by Colonel Morales Bermudez, and retires from office, carrying with him the good wishes of all his fellow-countrymen, and of all the many foreigners resident in Peru.—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Courret, Lima.



ANOTHER ENGLISH RAILWAY proposes to abolish second-class carriages. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company are considering a suggestion to run only first and third class, like the Midland, and have already decided to improve their third-class carriages—a much-needed reform.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA have claimed two fresh victims. Whilst bathing in the Niagara River, two ladies were overpowered by the current, and swept over the Falls. Another river fatality occurred at Boston, where a rash Canadian was killed on the spot by jumping 150 ft. into the Charles River.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY was opened last Sunday afternoon to members of the Sunday Society and their friends. Over 600 visitors passed through the rooms. Speaking of Art in London, picture-lovers now enjoy the opportunity of contrasting the British and French work of the present season. Some 400 paintings and pieces of sculpture from the two Paris Salons have been added to the French Exhibition—the first time that the Salon pictures have been shown in England in the same year as in Paris.

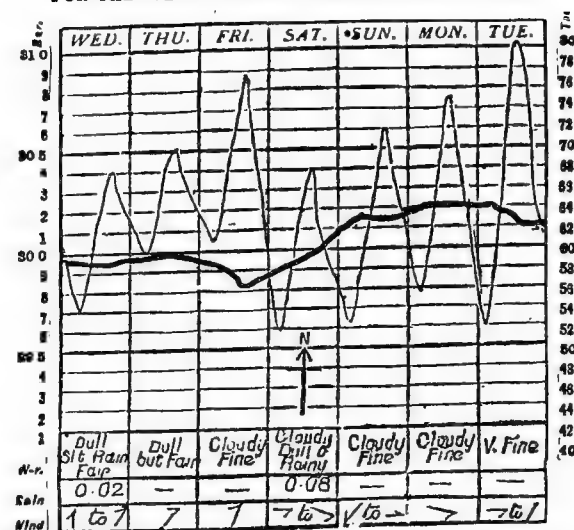
THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON was awarded on Monday with much mock ceremony. The claimants underwent a regular trial before a judge and a jury of six girls and six bachelors, counsel being employed for both the candidates and the bacon. Finally the flitch was awarded to a local florist and his wife, who were chaired and carried shoulder-high, with the bacon before them, to a platform in a neighbouring field. Then, according to custom, the winners knelt on sharp stones whilst they took the oath that they had lived in perfect harmony, and never regretted their marriage.

THE INAUGURATION OF EXECUTIONS BY ELECTRICITY in the United States, fixed for this week at Auburn Prison, New York, caused a most ghastly sensation. Crowds poured into Auburn for the occasion, public curiosity having been spurred by the long-suffering efforts to avert Kemmler's fate and the novelty of the method of execution. Trials of the dynamo took place on Sunday, but were most unsatisfactory, and, as these reports evidently reached the unfortunate criminal, he fell into the most pitiable condition of terror, crouching in the corner of his cell with his face hidden, and shrieking at every sound. So far, this so-called "merciful" mode of carrying out the death-penalty seems only to invest the execution with additional terrors.

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE CREVASSE OF A GLACIER were endured last week by a Swiss guide, Christian Linda, who actually survived the experience. Having guided a tourist over the Tschingel glacier, the guide was returning alone to Lauterbrunnen by a short cut when he slipped down a crevasse in the glacier between the Muthorn and the Tschingelhorn. As the walls of ice narrowed, his fall was stopped at a distance of some fifty feet, but he was so tightly fixed in the crevasse that he could not reach the provisions carried on his back in a bag. For seventy-two hours his only resource was licking the ice around him. On the third morning, a tourist and his guide were ascending the Tschingelhorn when they noticed an ice-axe on the edge of a crevasse, and, looking down, saw the unfortunate prisoner. They let down a rope, but though Linda managed to secure it round his waist, he was too heavy for the rescuers to drag him up. They obtained help in time, hauled the poor man to the surface, and carried him to the Interlachen Hospital. Linda's feet and hands are frostbitten, and his complete recovery seems doubtful. Less fortunate than Linda, two Viennese tourists and their guide have perished on a glacier near Zell-am-See.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1890



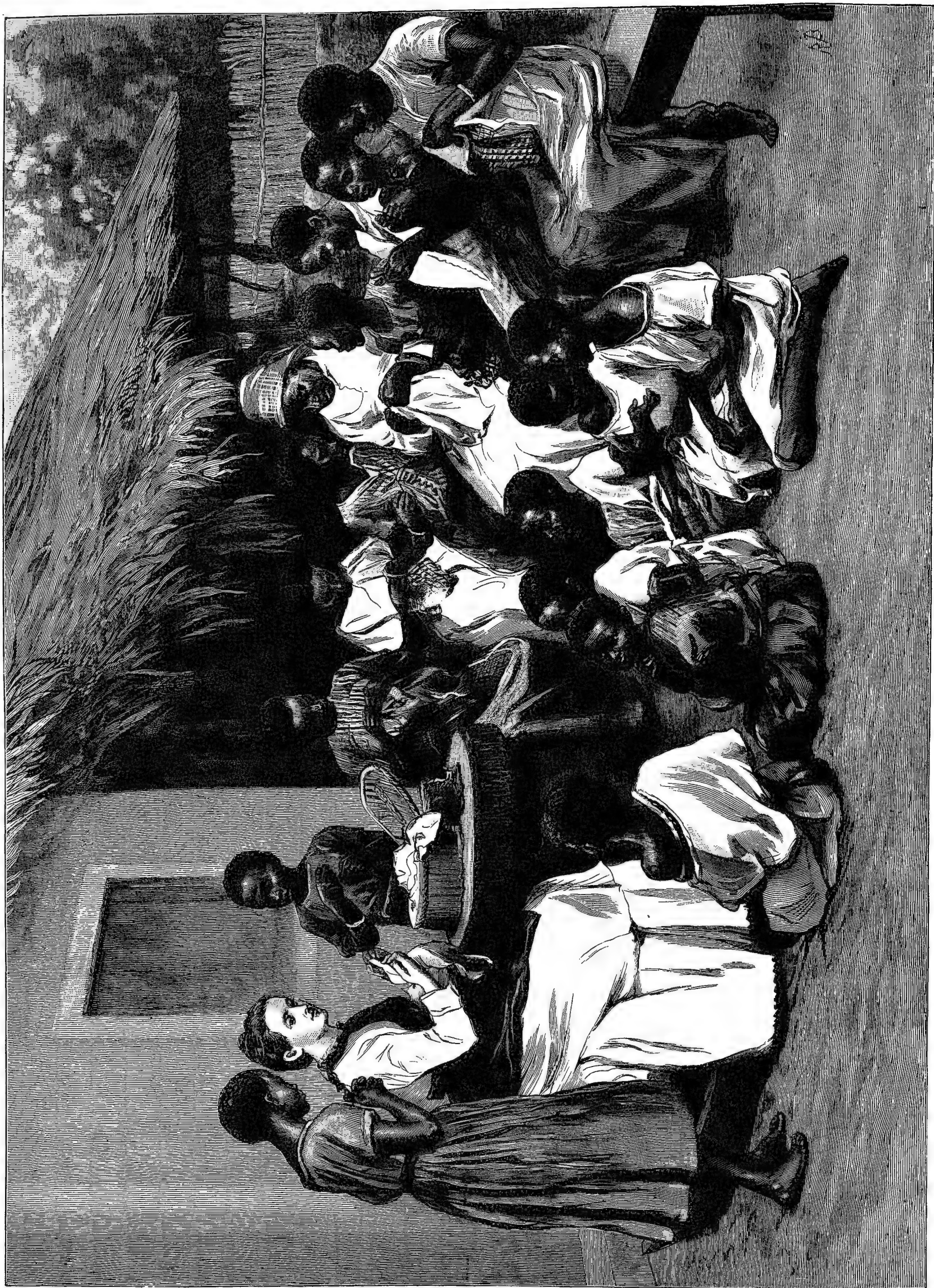
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (5th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although as a whole somewhat dull, and rainy, or showery over the greater part of the country, has been frequently bright and warm, more especially over the Southern portion of our Islands. Pressure has been mostly lowest to the Northward of the United Kingdom, and highest off our extreme South-Western Coasts, or over France and Germany. The winds have blown chiefly from the South-Westward, and have been rather fresh at times in the West and North, while at one time, Saturday (2nd inst.) a short spell of Northerly or North-Westerly breezes was experienced in the rear of a shallow depression which had passed from our extreme South-Western Coasts across the Kingdom in a North-Easterly direction. Less bright sunshine has been experienced than is usual for this time of year, although at the close of the period some improvement in this respect set in in places; in the Channel it has been very prevalent. Sharp falls of rain have occurred at times at most of our exposed Western Stations, and also over the North of England, but in most parts of the country showers only have been experienced. In London and its neighbourhood very trifling amounts have been measured. Thunderstorms have been reported from the South Coast of England on Friday and Saturday (1st and 2nd inst.). Temperature, which did not differ materially from the mean at the beginning of the time, rose towards the close of the week slightly above the average over England. The highest readings reached 80° or slightly more in one or two parts of England.

The barometer was highest (30.22 inches) on Monday and Tuesday (4th and 5th inst.); lowest (29.82 inches) on Friday (1st inst.); range 0.40 inch.

The temperature was highest (81°) on Tuesday (5th inst.); lowest (52°) on Saturday (2nd inst.); range 29°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.20 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.08 inch on Saturday (2nd inst.)



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THE REV. GEORGE R. EDEN, Rural Dean of Auckland, and Vicar of Bishop Auckland, has been appointed to succeed the late Bishop Parry as Bishop Suffragan of Dover. Mr. Eden was intimate with the late Bishop of Durham, and assisted him in the supervision of the quasi-college of students formed by Dr. Lightfoot at Auckland Castle. He married recently a daughter of Canon Ellison, the founder of the Church of England Temperance Society.

LORD HARTINGTON, in some remarks recently reported in our columns, on the duties of the Church of England, spoke of it as endowed by the State, an expression with which fault has been found by some sensitive Churchmen. Speaking still more recently at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new church in the Rossendale Valley, Lord Hartington disclaimed any wish to touch on controversial topics, but, at the same time, he repeated the expression of his strong conviction that the endowments which the Church of England enjoyed, from whatever sources they might be derived, and still more the connection sanctioned by law between the Church of England and the State, placed upon that Church a responsibility for the moral and religious education of the whole people of a different and greater character than that which rested upon any other of the Christian Churches of this land.

A MEETING OF HIGH CHURCH INCUMBENTS has been held in London in connection with the pending judgment in the Lincoln case. Although the proceedings were intended to be strictly private, an outline of them is given by the sympathising *Church Times*. One of the principal objects of the meeting appears to have been to reiterate the old protest against the validity of the Primate's jurisdiction in cases of the kind. The reason given for its reappearance was that if the objectors to that jurisdiction delayed speaking collectively until after the delivery of the judgment, it might seem that they were influenced by its character.

A PASTORAL AGAINST DRUNKENNESS, emanating from Cardinal Manning and the other Roman Catholic prelates in England, was read on Sunday in the churches of that Communion. Among its admonitions, Roman Catholics were advised to abstain from intoxicants on Fridays and Saturdays, to forego ardent spirits absolutely, and to take the pledge for life, or for a stated period.

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE referred to a Committee the charges brought against it in its publishing capacity by Mr. Walter Besant. The Dean of Windsor and Archdeacon Sinclair are among the signatories of the Reply, in the course of which it is stated, in regard to the payment of authors, that the Society's prices are "as high as, and probably higher than, those offered by other publishers for the same class of literature." Mr. Besant rejoins, that some of the admissions of

the Committee prove the truth of his charges, and he further promises to make in the autumn a full and carefully detailed statement on the subject, which will be addressed to the general public.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of Swansea opening, recently, a new church for Welsh services in St. Mary's Terrace, Paldington, preached twice in the ancient vernacular of the Principality.—Mr. Rolls, a large owner of property in Bermondsey, has given 5,000l. towards the restoration of St. Saviour's, Southwark.—The Very Rev. A. Macdonald, Roman Catholic Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, has been translated to Aberdeen, and the vacancy in the Roman Catholic See of Dunkeld has been filled by the appointment to it of Canon J. Smith of Edinburgh.—March 2nd, 1891, is the centenary of the death of John Wesley, and the Wesleyan Conference have ordered a suitable service to be held on that day in the City Road Chapel, and, as far as possible, in other Wesleyan places of worship.



TURF.—The Goodwood Meeting of 1890 is a thing of the past, and very little light was thrown upon the great Doncaster three-year-old race by the events decided last week. The only prominent candidate seen out was Memoir, and she had little difficulty in defeating her opponents; but the easy manner in which she did what was asked of her at once brought her back to her former position of favourite for the St. Leger, which still remains a very open race. Father Confessor won the Chesterfield Cup on Friday, after running a dead heat with Edgardo, thus proving himself a really good horse, for he carried 9 st. 6 lb., giving his three-year-old opponent 44 lb. Everyone was glad to see the Rothschild colours to the fore this season; but they have met with some severe rebuffs of late, not the least being the defeat of Beauharnais by Sir James Duke's Martenhurst. There were others besides the Baron who felt the defeat of this colt, for odds of 3 to 1 were laid on him. As the racing season is not much more than half over, it seems almost too soon to refer to next year's programme, which has just been issued. For some reason flat racing begins nearly a fortnight earlier than usual; but it is to be hoped that Lincoln, which, as usual, is the first fixture (March 16th), will not be interrupted by frost or snow. The new Racing Club at Molesey is allotted six days, and Portsmouth Park four; while those which drop out of the list are Four Oaks, Hull, and Croydon; but the latter has only removed to Gatwick, and has two days given to it in October. It is pleasing to see that there is very little racing on Mondays, and not very many Saturday fixtures. There was, of course, some racing on Bank Holiday; but not of a very first-class kind.

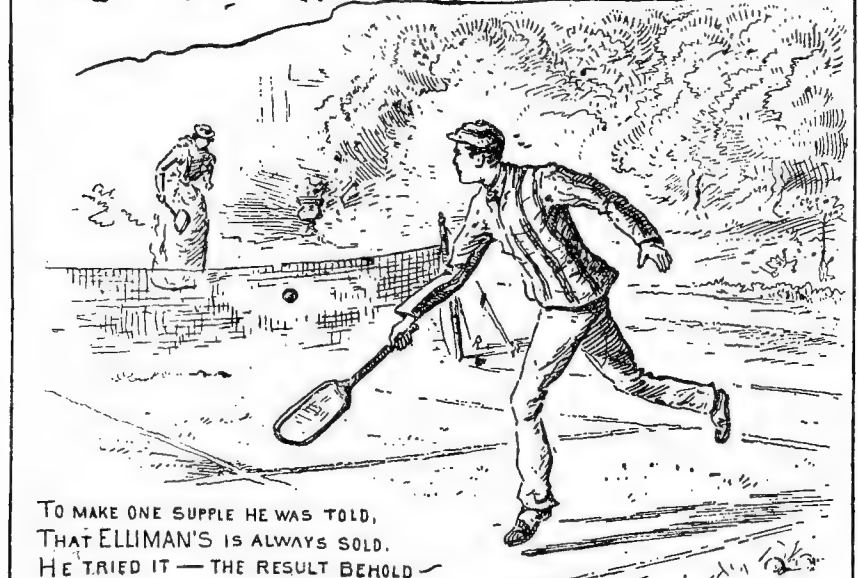
CRICKET.—Some important cricket matches were concluded on Saturday, notably that between Gloucestershire and Notts; this

looked almost a certainty for the Midland Eleven, but to the surprise of every one Gloucester beat them by 30 runs. Mr. W. G. Grace bowled with all his former sagacity, taking five wickets for 37 runs. The Australians received a beating at the hands of the Lyric Club, but it is only fair to say that the team captained by Mr. Thornton included a very strong "ground" element. The match between Essex and Yorkshire resulted in a draw, but Marlborough College gave Rugby a most decisive beating, although the Rugby boys played up most pluckily in the second innings.

YACHTING.—The Cowes season began on Saturday, the Royal London Yacht Club opening the ball with a couple of matches, the *Creole* won the first, and the *Vicunia*, which came in fourth in the match for yachts between 10 and 20 tons, saved her time for the other. The Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Club also commenced work on Saturday, and some of the "cracks" were seen out. The weather was almost too fine, but although there was very little wind, there was some excellent ornamental sailing, the *Varana* proving the winner of the 50l. Cup, presented by Mr. Glenn; the *Iverna* was second, and the *Thistle* third. On Tuesday the London programme was continued, beginning with the race for yachts over 40-ton rating; this brought out the *Thistle*, the *Iverna*, and the *Varana*, or the same that had been seen on Saturday, with the exception of the *Valkyrie*. There was almost a calm at the start, and the race resolved itself into a drifting match for some time, at last a light breeze brought a most uninteresting race to a conclusion. The *Iverna* was first over the mark, but the prize (60l.) again went to the *Varana*, who saved her time easily. There was a large entry for the Handicap Race for yachts of 30 tons and over, but the wind had completely fallen before they had got once round, so the race was stopped, the 40l. prize being awarded to the *Vandura*, and 20l. to the *Wendur*.

THE FRENCH CAPTIVES OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY, recently released from their perilous position, are relating the experiences of their three months' captivity to a Parisian contemporary. When hostilities first broke out, five French civilians and two priests were besieged for five days by the Dahomeyans in the factory at Whydah, and were then inveigled out under false pretences and made prisoners. The Dahomeyans treated the unlucky Frenchmen most brutally, put them into chains and slave yokes, and confined them in a miserable little hut. After several days' wretchedness the captives were carried off to Allada, where they were allowed some fresh clothes before their interview with the King. In the midst of their alarm and misery the prisoners were much impressed by the splendid Dahomean troops as they passed through the serried ranks of 15,000 men, silent and motionless, but armed to the teeth. The men left behind, they found in front of them a vast circle of the famous Amazons, three rows deep—4,000 fine, strong women, as muscular as the men, clad in white garments, and armed with gun and dagger. King Behazin sat behind his feminine guards in the shade of a hut. The interview was very short, as his Majesty was angry, and the captives were sent back to their hut in disgrace till the display of French strength on the coast caused the King to treat his prisoners as hostages for peace.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.



T. L. Nicholas, Esq.,
Member of the South
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writes—

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"Four days before running at the S.H.M. (September 29th), I had the misfortune to sprain the tendons of the right thigh. I commenced rubbing in your UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION, and on the day of running my leg was strong enough to allow me to run a very close second. I use a good deal of it during training, and find it very beneficial in keeping off stiffness."

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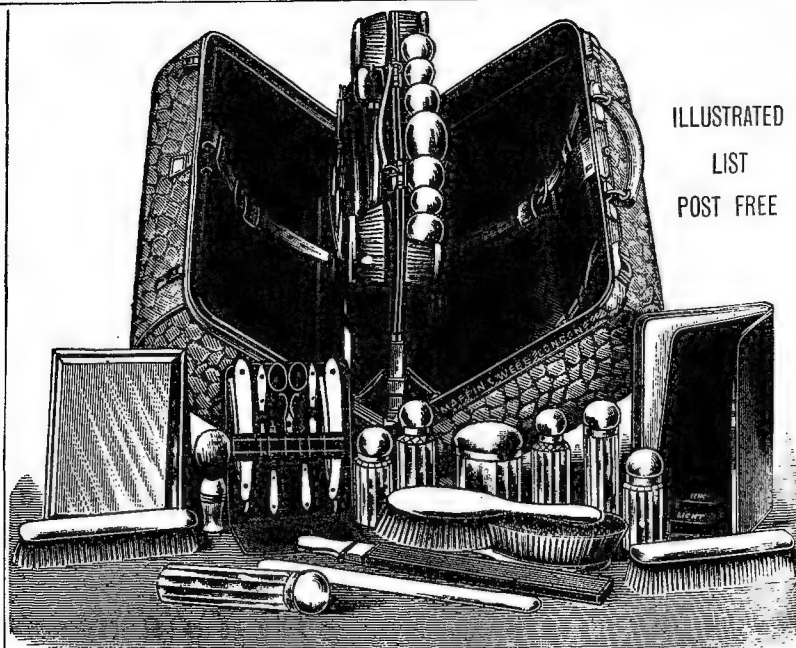
From a Justice of the
Peace—

FEB. 21, 1887.

"GENTLEMEN—During the past two or three months I have been suffering greatly from 'Lumbago,' and I began to think that I should become permanently crippled, as after trying various remedies, I obtained no relief.

"About a fortnight ago, a friend advised me to try your 'EMBROCATION,' and its effect has been magical, even in so short a time, and my first bottle is not half empty."

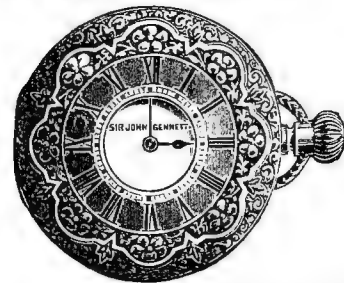
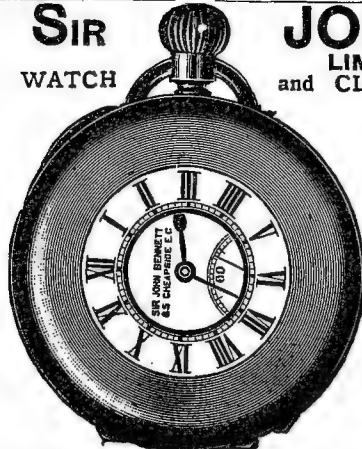
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£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket & shield, THREE
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KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and
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SILVER WATCHES from £2.
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£5.—THE CHEAPSIDE
PLATE KEYLESS LEVER
CHRONOMETER BALANCE, and jewelled in the
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THE CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED.
Air, damp, and dust tight.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Some of its uses: For Cleaning, Scouring, Scrubbing, and Polishing
Metal, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Glassware,
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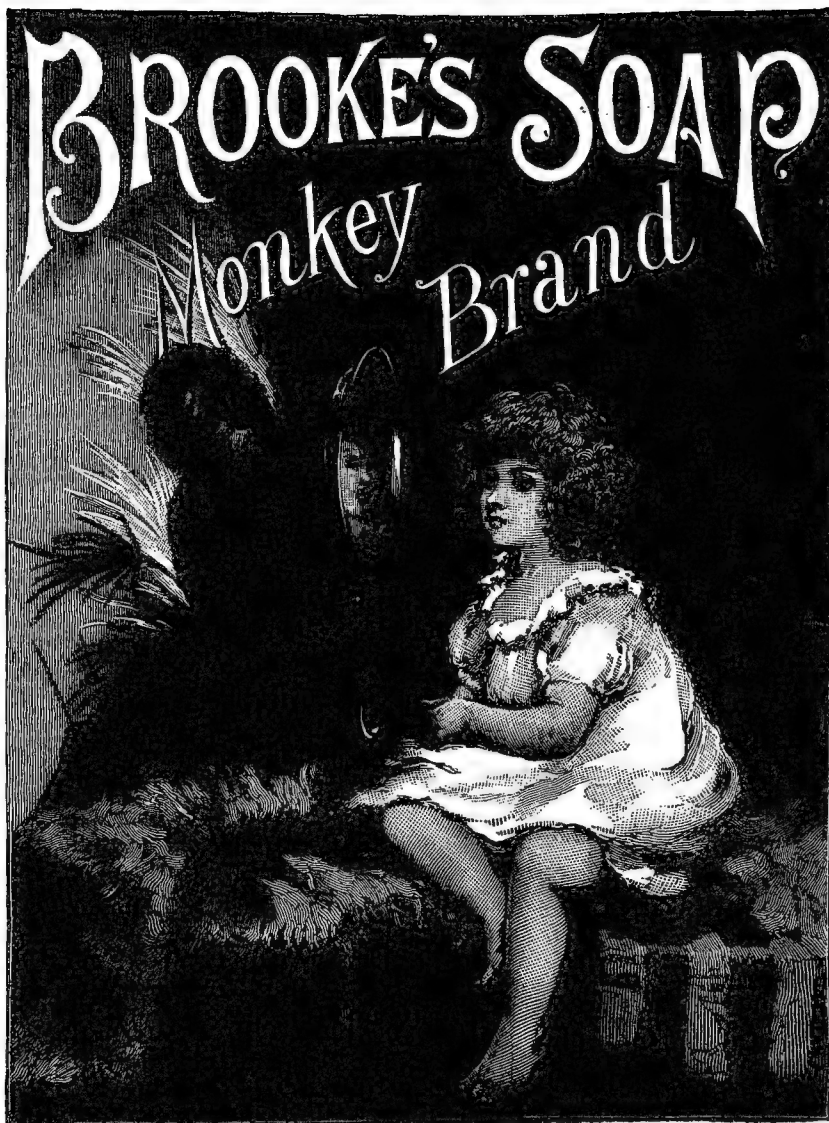
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FRY'S PURE Concentrated COCOA

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly Soluble and easily digested. It makes an agreeable thin
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LANCET—"Pure, and very soluble."

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HAVE A CUP WITH ME?

STRONGEST ACTION
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THE GUN OF THE PERIOD

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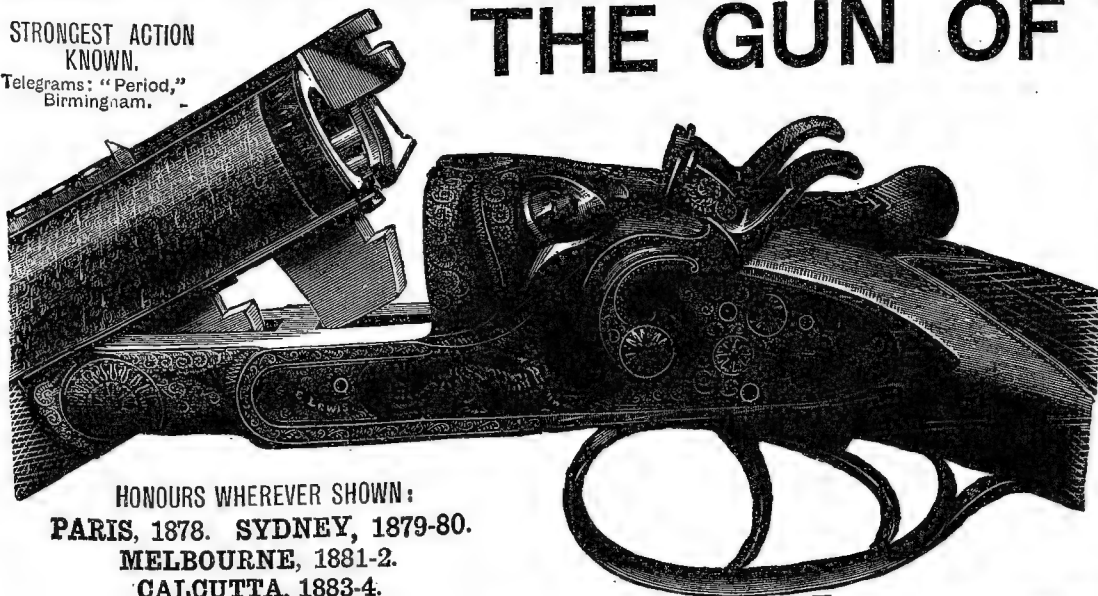
though having Three Distinct Bolts, opens and closes smoother than any
other Snap Action ever introduced. All Rifles made by us cannot be
excelled for Accuracy and Lowness of Trajectory, and are Rifled on our
Non-fouling system. Hundreds of these Guns and Rifles are in the hands
of Sportsmen all over the world, and always give satisfaction.

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EXPRESS DOUBLE '360 to '577 Bores, from 15 to 30 Guineas.
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SCIENTIFIC NOTES

AMERICA is generally regarded as a country where everything natural and artificial is on the biggest possible scale, and, while this is perfectly true, it would also be correct to describe it as the land of little inventions. What we allude to is the plentiful production there of comparatively unimportant devices—some of them of a most trifling description—which are grouped under the head of "notions." It may be a new kind of padlock, a bolt, a screwdriver, or anything else, and these little inventions are produced and patented in such quantity that we are apt to look upon Uncle Sam as being far more ingenious and inventive than the old stock from which he sprang. But we are inclined to think that this is not the case, but that the seeming superiority of the American inventive faculty is due to the difference in the Patent Laws of the two countries. Although our own law has been much improved of late years—in that the premiums payable are spread over a number of years, and are thereby rendered easier to the poor man—the charges are most excessive, and act as a direct tax upon ingenuity and industry. In the States, on the other hand, the payment of about seven pounds will give full protection to an inventor. More than this, the payment includes the expenses of a search among previous patents, in order that the inventor may not be unintentionally infringing some previous specification. In England the authorities quietly take preliminary fees for the same invention from as many persons as care to apply for protection; and, until this state of things is remedied, the Americans will continue to be ahead of us in the matter of "notions."

The talking instrument called the gramophone, the invention of Mr. Emil Berliner, of Washington, promises to be a formidable rival to Edison's phonograph. Its principle is the same, in so far that a record on wax is produced by a stylus actuated by a vibrating diaphragm; but in design the new instrument is quite different. The record is produced upon a horizontal plate of zinc, which is covered with the thinnest film of wax, and which revolves upon a central pin. The diaphragm and its stylus are made to travel slowly towards the centre of the plate, so that, if the machine were set in motion without communicating any sound-vibrations to the diaphragm, a continuous line would be cut in the wax, round and round the plate, until it ended at the centre. But, when the diaphragm is spoken or sung to, this line becomes a true sound-record, like that cut by the phonograph. When this record is complete, the zinc is flooded with an acid etching fluid, which eats into the zinc where the stylus has laid it bare, after which the wax is dissolved off. The plate is now attached to the reproducing instrument, which consists of a second diaphragm with a trumpet-mouth attached, which is said to give out loudly the original notes. It is obvious that this sound-record, being etched in metal, is of a very permanent character, but, unlike the phonographic record, it cannot very readily be sent away by post.

The use of flexible celluloid in lieu of glass plates as a support for the photographic negative film has rendered possible the inven-

tion of a camera, which will take panoramic views embracing half the horizon. This is the invention of M. Moessard, and has been introduced into this country by Messrs. Houghton, of Holborn. In this camera the lens is fixed on a pivot, and can therefore be slowly turned so as to face every portion of a landscape during exposure. The camera is in plan semicircular, and the sensitive celluloid film is bent so as to fit it. As the lens is gradually turned upon its pivot a portion of the image which it forms is impressed upon the film, until the whole of the surface has been swept over, the result being a negative, which varies from 16 inches to 55 inches in length, according to the size of the instrument in use. The pictures so obtained are most beautiful in character, and suffer only from slight distortion of the perspective at the extreme corners. It will be of special value to architects, and for military purposes.

The Giffard gun, which has recently been successfully tried in London, has formed the subject of numerous paragraphs of Continental origin during the past few years; paragraphs which have hardly been taken seriously by most people, for it has been to them hardly credible that the same force which projects a cork from a soda-water bottle could be efficient when applied to the propulsion of a bullet from a gun. But that this is the case is abundantly proved by the trial just referred to, and it is probable that the invention, which has cost M. Giffard many years of thoughtful labour, will, to some extent, prove a formidable rival to "villainous saltpetre." In outward appearance, the gun of M. Giffard is much like any other small arm, save that it has beneath the barrel a tube about nine inches in length in which its ballistic power—in the shape of liquefied carbonic acid—is held. We may here remind the reader that when this gas is pumped into a receiver until thirty-six volumes of it are made to occupy the place of one volume, it assumes the liquid state; and that directly the pressure is relieved, it instantly expands into vapour once more. To this property of sudden evaporation from the liquid state the new weapon owes its effectiveness. A bullet having been placed in the breech-chamber by suitable mechanism, the hammer is placed at full cock, and when it descends, as the trigger is pulled, it acts upon a valve which releases a small quantity of the liquid from the storing-tube. This, as it expands, pushes the bullet before it, and the projectile issues with a sufficient velocity from the barrel to do its deadly work. What this velocity amounts to has not been stated, but it is understood that a rifle fitted with the Giffard mechanism will carry at least up to 600 yards. There is no doubt that if the new gun bears out the promise of its first trials, it will have many advantageous features. The report is a mere pop, there is hardly any recoil, and there are no by-products of explosion to foul the barrel of the weapon. These advantages will make it especially serviceable to sportsmen, and we venture to predict that it will be more used in this service than for warfare. It is a pity, perhaps, that before the Camp at Bisley broke up no opportunity was afforded for the opinion of our best marksmen of this latest form of weapon.

It is perhaps to the introduction of Siemens-Martin steel, a

metal of wonderful tenacity, that the success of the Giffard gun is partly due, for it is of this material that the gas reservoir is made. The pressure to which it is subject is only a little over 500 lbs. on the square inch, and although this may seem to some persons dangerous when they consider that it is four times as much as the pressure common to a locomotive boiler, it is really a very small part of what a thin reservoir of good steel will bear. Both oxygen and hydrogen gases compressed in larger cylinders of the same description are now common articles of commerce, and the normal pressure of the gas in such a cylinder when sent out for use is 120 atmospheres, or no less than 1,800 lbs. on each square inch of surface.

Although it is well known that the shares in the company for taking automatic photographs on the penny-in-the-slot principle were all subscribed for many weeks ago, the machines have not yet made their public appearance. The company have certainly, like all of us, a good excuse to put forward for their absence in the dull weather we have lately had, but the sun has now for many days been shining liberally, and the machines will never have a better chance than at present, for after July the actinic value of the light quickly declines. There are hundreds of amateur photographers about who are anxious to see how photographs, which they well know require such care in exposure and development, can be shelled out like peas—or rather like sweetmeats and chocolate. Even the less-complicated contrivances which yield these delicacies to penny persuasion have been known to get out of order, but perhaps the photographic machines will treat their patrons better.

T. C. H.

IMPROVED CABS are to be introduced in Paris. They will resemble private carriages, and will not follow the fixed tariff, the fare being left for arrangement between the driver and his passengers. British tourists, accordingly, must keep their eyes open when hiring a vehicle, or they are pretty sure to be fleeced by the Parisian Jehu.

COUNT VON MOLTKE hopes to finish the memoirs on which he is now engaged by his ninetieth birthday—October 26th next. The great General wishes to keep the anniversary quietly, but the Emperor and his admirers think otherwise, and a monster public subscription is being planned to present him with a handsome gift. Emperor William proposes to make the day a national holiday, and to entertain Von Moltke at a grand banquet.

TIGERS IN INDIA are increasing rapidly, now that the forest fires are checked and guarded against in many districts. When large tracts of territory were burnt out, tigers could find neither shelter nor water, and either died off or retreated into inaccessible haunts. Sportsmen therefore are delighted with this unexpected result of the "fire conservancy." For the finest tigers, however, the lover of big game should go to Lower Tonkin, especially in the region of the Marble Mountains, where the Annamites scarcely dare kill the animal they venerate as a demi-god.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

TOURS TO THE WEST COAST AND FIORDS OF NORWAY.

Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. SUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on August 16th for twelve days' cruise. Fortnightly thereafter.

Full particulars and Handbook, 3d., may be had from

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TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says:—Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM. Book (128 pages), with recipes and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free 8 stamps. F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

GERMAN GOVERNESS. — A highly-educated North German lady, with excellent references in England, desires an engagement as daily or resident governess, or as companion. Modern languages, the piano, and the higher branches of education. Much experience in teaching and travelling. — Address "Deutsch," 5, North Hill Avenue, Highgate, N.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND THE CRIMEA.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on August 30, for a 45 days' cruise to the Mediterranean and Black Sea, visiting Tangier, Palermo, Syracuse, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Malta, Gibraltar. The month of September is considered the best time for the Crimea. The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths. Cuisine of the highest order.

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YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "GARONNE" from London on September 6th, and from Leith on the 8th September for a three weeks' Cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth.

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"I have examined SALT REGAL with the following results:—That it is an effervescent saline, compounded from absolutely pure ingredients. When it is placed in contact with water the chemical combination which results in the formation of two of the best known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used. I have not before met with a so well manufactured and ingenious combination, at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended."—JOHN MUTER.

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An Appetising and Refreshing Tonic. A Thirst-Quencher for all occasions. A morning "Pick-me-up." A high-class Effervescing, Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life. Prevents and Relieves FLATULENCE, Nausea, GIDDINESS, Heartburn, Acidity, Palpitation, Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Malaria, Irritation of the Skin, Liver Complaint, Lassitude, WEARINESS, etc. Corrects all Impurities arising from errors of diet, eating or drinking.

The Editor of "HEALTH," the great authority of HYGIENE, recommends SALT REGAL for general use in Families, and speaks in the highest praise of SALT REGAL.

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For MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline Preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

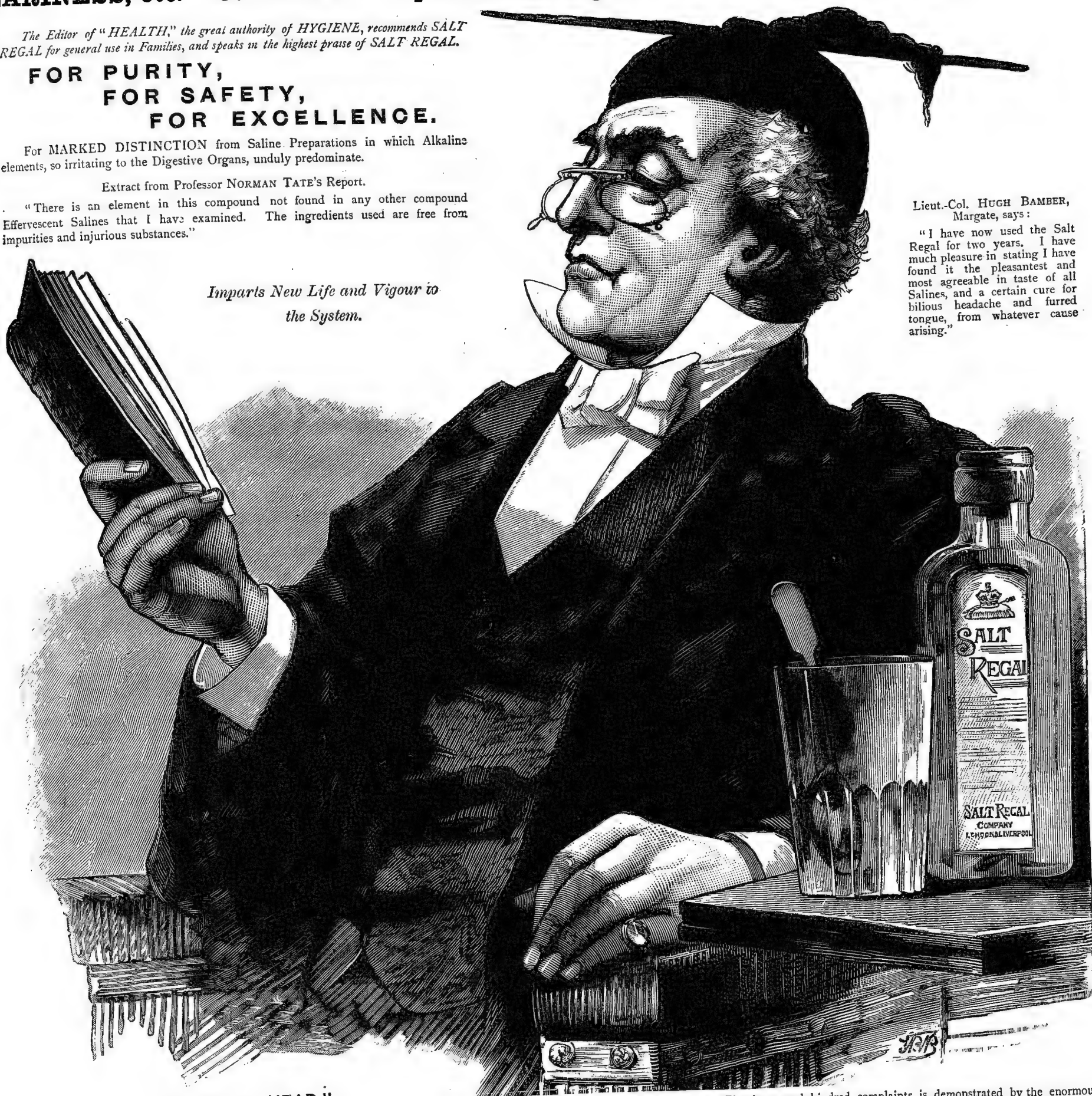
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"There is an element in this compound not found in any other compound Effervescent Salines that I have examined. The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious substances."

Imparts New Life and Vigour to
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Lieut.-Col. HUGH BAMBER,
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"I have now used the Salt Regal for two years. I have much pleasure in stating I have found it the pleasantest and most agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."



"A CLEAR HEAD."

The great rapidity with which SALT REGAL has become the Favourite Remedy with the public in all cases of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, and kindred complaints is demonstrated by the enormous sale it has attained, both home and abroad.

SALT REGAL when regularly used is a certain guarantee of health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated. SALT REGAL revives and never depresses. Every traveller or voyager should carry a bottle of SALT REGAL. It relieves the torture of sea-sickness. Be careful to observe SALT REGAL is a delicate white powder; but it turns the water to a beautiful rose pink. Unless it does this it is not genuine. Copies of testimonials and certificate of analysis accompany each bottle.

Insist upon having SALT REGAL, and no other. It cannot be imitated, and stands alone. If not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, BOTTLES 2s. 9d. of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

DR. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy to denote which he coined the word **CHLORODYNE**. Dr. Browne is the sole inventor, and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of **CHLORODYNE** must be a piracy.

ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANALYSIS have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

is the great specific for

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the **ONLY** Remedy of any Service was **CHLORODYNE**."—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1889.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM THE VICEROY'S CHEMISTS, Simla, January 5, 1890.

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—See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

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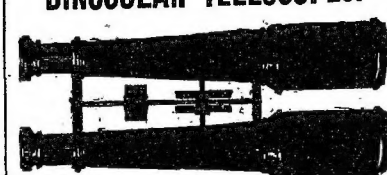
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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust";
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

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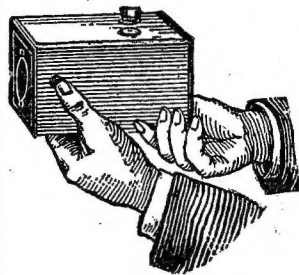
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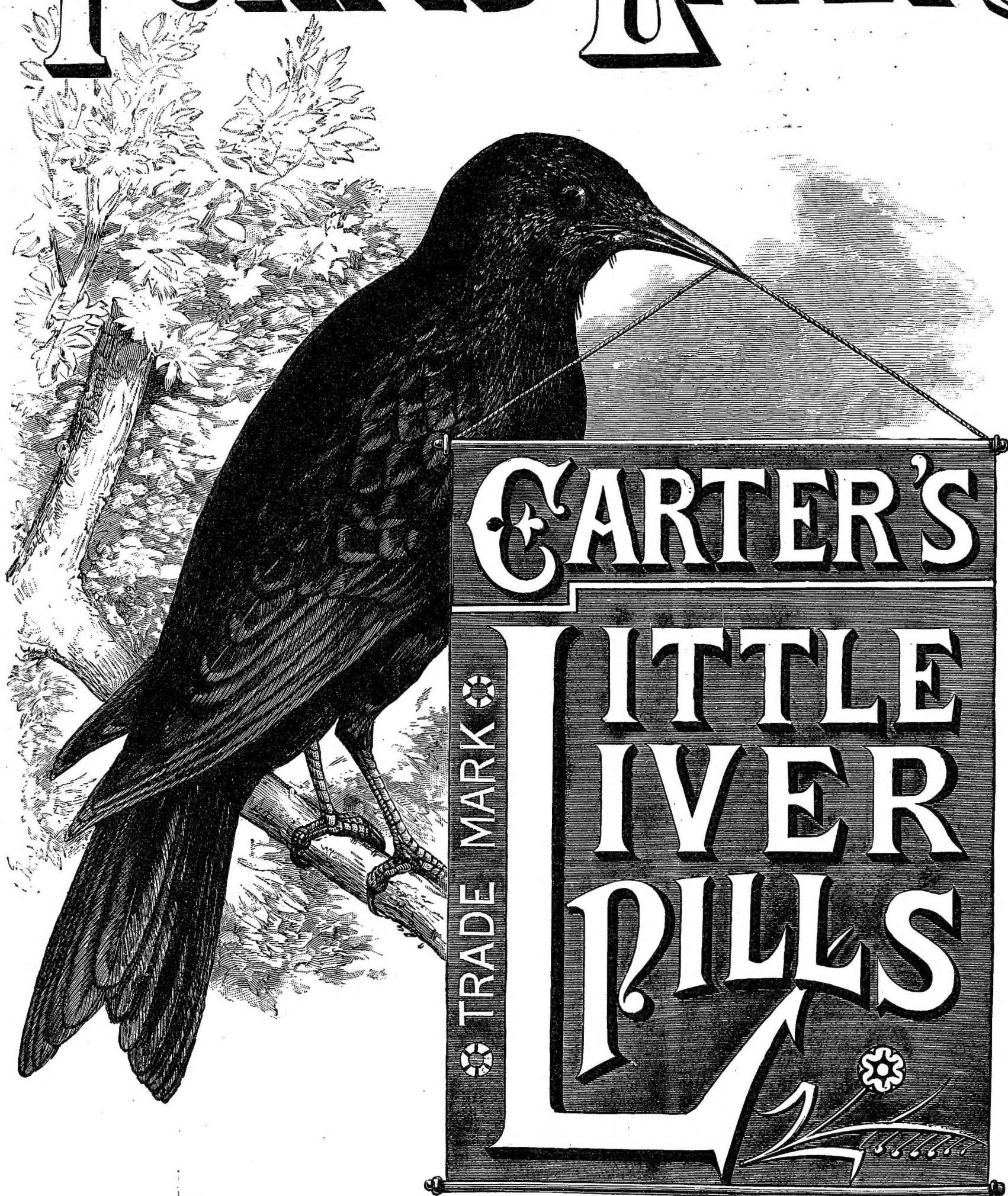
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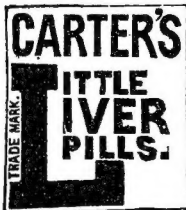
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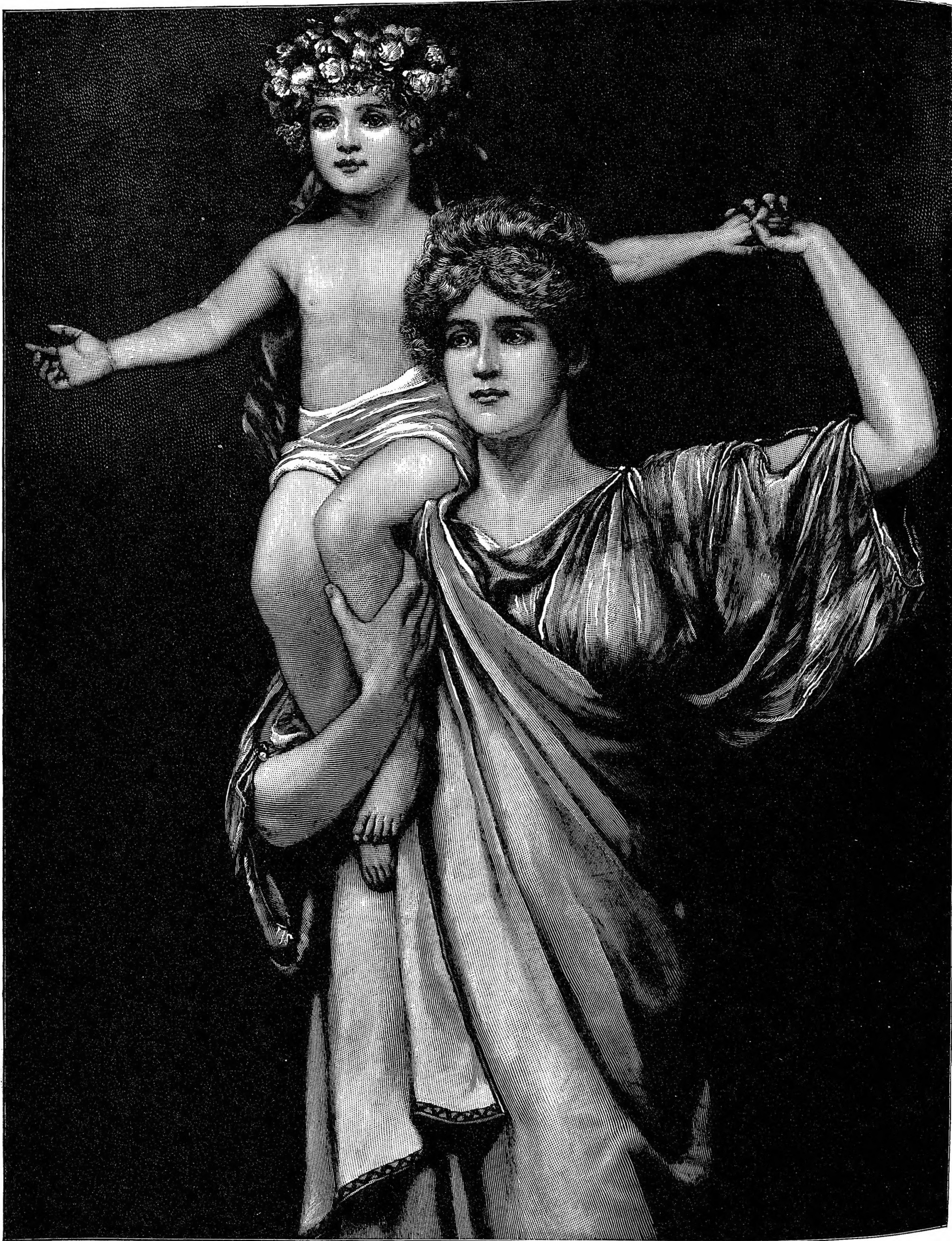


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